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ESSAYS Divine AND MORAL.

By *Bridgis Nanfan*, Esquire.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Leach* at the
Crown in Cornhill, and *Sampson Evans*
Bookseller in Worcester. 1682.

ESSAYS

Divine

AND



MO

By Bright and Shining.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N.

Printed for William Lane at the
Corner in Court, and Samuel French
Bookeller in Watergate. 1881.

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the Right Reverend Father in
God, *William*, Lord Bishop of
S. Davids.

My LORD,

THe World hath such a Ve-
neration for your Lord-
ship, that but to affix your
Name here, gives an En-
noblement to what of its self is al-
together immeriting. I do not a
little glory in the honour of your
Friendship, and that in the peru-
sal of these Papers you have been
pleased to give them a valuation.
I do now with more than ordinary
assurance let them see light, since
influenced by your favour, and
warranted by so true an under-
standing.

My Lord, Divinity is not my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Province, and in a dissolute Age may seem less fashionable: but the most unconcerned person, when he comes to make a retreat into himself, will leave to turn Devotion into Ridicule, and find Piety his best security. Heights of this nature are not within my Talent; what I have most reached at hath been the gracefulness of expression, otherwise unfit to approach your Lordship. I know no reason but that composures of this kind should put on all the lustre we can dress them with, to beget Inamorato's, since their intrinsick beauty hath in this purblind World so little attraction.

My Lord, 'Tis usual in Dedications to celebrate the persons we address to; but your Lordship hath so often drawn your self to the life, that a rude Pencil would seem but to disfigure the fair Lineaments your inimitable Hand hath fashioned.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ed. To enumerate your Lordships per-
fections were too bold an underta-
king, and (where they are so emi-
nently known) were to set up a Tan-
per to the Meridian Sun. Besides
(but by paying your Lordship a fit-
ting observance) I shall offend your
humility, of which you are a great
example. Though the Copy seldom
reaches the Original, yet that all
persons would endeavour such per-
fection is heartily wished by him,
that desires to continue the honour
of styling himself,

My Lord,

Your Lordships

most Obedient

Humble Servant

Bridgis Namsan,

**These following Essays
are,**

1. *De Sanctitate Matutina.* Eccl. 12. 1.
2. *De Humana Fragilitate.* Job 14. 1.
3. *De Passione Christi in Corpore proprio.* Lament. 1. 12.
4. *De Passione Christi in Corpore mystico seu de Cruce piorum.* 2 Cor. 4. 17.

ESSAYS
Divine and Moral, &c.

ESSAY I.
De Sanctitate Matutina.

ECCLES. 12. 1.

Remember now thy Creatour in the
Days of thy Youth.

AN Elegant Subject receives no illustration from the faint colours laid on by a rude hand. The Pencil of the greatest Statist fits best

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to

to beautifie the noblest actions. What nobler action, than to chalk out the intricate Labyrinth to an eternity of bliss? A skilful Pilot he must needs be that steers through this *Hellespont*.

2. The sure Lanthorn of the glorious Gospel must be eminently placed, while we pass this streight, when so many with winged Sails make to the heavenly *Ophir*, yet for want of the true Card of God's illuminating spirit to direct them, or fainting by the way, when they cross the line of persecution, few make a rich return of their labour.

— *Pauci quas equus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad athe-
ra virtus.*

None then so fit to keep steady the erring World, as old *Salomon*, who had not only God (the Infallible Word) to dictate to him, while he drop'd

Divine and Moral.

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drop'd this Precept, but the *Firm* of Heaven set to a Transcript of a full Series of Experience, from the rising to the setting of his Age. He could in the liveliest colours delineate unto us the exorbitances of our Juvenile servours, who had the Malady thereof as a Quotidian A-gue.

3. This *Magus* could also best state the unwieldiness of frosted Age to ring an hourly Devotion, when the Wheels and Master-springs are rusty and out of order, and its imbecillity to raze those strong Fortifications Satan (that subtle Engineer) cunningly builds to annoy us; when he, who had wisdom to an astonishing excellency, could not repulse the temptations spun with the fingers of the softer Sex, but must, in scorn of the ever living God, go worship *Ashtoreth*, the Goddess of the *Sydonians*.

Remember now thy Creatour.

That's the burden of his Song:
all the rest of the strings are wound
up to tune with this. Good God
so dispose our hearts and hands to
beat the time, that our souls, with
so sweet an harmony, so Angelical
a *Diapason*, may be ravish'd into an
heavenly extasie.

Before the glimmering spark of
our devotion be absolutely extin-
guish'd, he puts in this seasonable
Memento, as a bellows to blow it
into a new flame.

4. This is the Antidote that
cleanseth and purifieth our blood,
poyson'd with the invenom'd ar-
row of our sins. Those Seraphick
thoughts are the pearled dew,
Ambrosial shows, that water, and
refresh us, when we are almost
dried up, and withered: Those
Arabian winds (rich in their Per-
fumes)

fumes) that fan and cool our spirits scorch'd with the raging heat of lust and concupiscence. When the gasty visage, haggish Ghost of sin affrights us, one drop distill'd from this Alembick, and carefully thrown on the faces of our consciences, presently inspirits those parts, which before only wanted the decent ceremony of a Winding Sheet. When we are sung asleep with Satan's Lullabys, when, in the midnight of a besotted Lethargy, he carries his dark Lanthorn to fire this train, here's the *Curfew* that rings the Alarm, that with full buckets of repentant tears we may timely extinguish the spreading flames, before they lay hold on the rotten buildings of our souls.

5. They who went to the Cave of *Trophonius*, to consult the Oracle, drank of two Rivers; *Lethe* at the entring in, *Mnemosyne* at the going forth; that, by the operation

ration of the one, they might purge their thoughts of such delectations, as they had given too free a Welcome to ; by the other, enshrine in their breasts what that adored Diety deign'd them the knowledg of. So when we make our Applications to Heaven, consult that sacred Oracle, we must not only memorize him , as the great Architect of the Universe , as God from all Eternity, but we must clear our remembrance of all Dregs and Lees, the issue of our foul Impieties , of such poysonous Cates as discolour the easie tinctur'd complexion of our souls , with this cooling *Fulip* put out the fire of our Concupiscence, with this *Opiate* deaden and stupifie our enraged affections.

Good and evil, like fire and water, have repugnant qualities, will not body together, but like an Exhalation, break.

6. How then can we contemplate

plate our Creatour as a pure Essence, but we must abominate our own beaftiality? How can we remember him as a juſt Judge, without trembling at the Bar of his Juſtice, and putting in the merits of our Saviour, as our ſureſt Plea? Or take in *Ideas* of an all-ſeeing eye, without ranſacking the inmoſt Cells, and *Meanders* of our hearts, for the caſting out thoſe Devils, thoſe Impieties that have lain ſo long leiger? They muſt be thus exorcis'd before we can faſhion an entertainment, garniſh the beſt lodgings in our ſouls, give a reſpectful audience to thoſe tutelary Angels, to that *Legatus à latere*, Chriſt Jeſus himſelf.

In the Reign of *Tiberius* it was judged an heinous crime in *Paulus* the *Prætor*, for taking a Chamber-pot in his hand, when he wore a Ring that had the Engravement of *Cæſar*.

7. It must needs then be an offence of a deeper die (after we have once lodged God in our hearts) instead of *Myrrh* and *Cassia* (incense of a pure life) to make him nauseate those dwellings with the ordure and filth of corrupt affections.

This is a *Catholicon*, a Medicine for all diseases. When we are entangled with macerating cares, the thoughts of a true and powerful friend clears the mind of its disturbances, builds a confidence in us equal to a victory: so though misfortunes, like violent Surges, rowl in upon us; yet if the Heavens be serene, that we have but a gleam of our Maker, such beams, such coruscations issuing from his grace, dispel all Mists and Fogs that incurtain our souls, brighten every affliction, make every wound and scar received in his warfare, marks of honour and beauty.

8. The Ancient *Hebrews* would memorize on their Gates and Porches, the favours the Lord had been pleased, at any time, to confer upon them. Such gentle dews of acknowledgment, exhaled from us by God, are showred down in whole *Cataracts* of Love and Bounty. If such gratitude in Heaven, that a cup of cold water given in the name of *Christ*, ushers in a sure *Reward*; shall we, who have not activity to inspirit the meanest action without the Master-spring of God's Omnipotent Power, satiate ourselves with the affluence his goodness affords us, and not give a retribution of thanks? Shall he, that formed all, find only a repugnancy in him, whose reason (as an Heavenly Intelligence) should sit on the Sphere of his active abilities, to give them perfect motion.

Remember

Remember now thy Creatour.

9. This the *Persian Decree* that cannot be reverst, the first word of command given unto the Young Souldiers, fighting under the Banner of the Church Militant. This ranks our thoughts and affections, that they run not into disorder. These few words makes us, more than *Archimedes*, to take the transcendent height of Heaven; and though but a ladder of few rounds, yet when we ascend the uppermost step, our heads are reared above the Clouds, where we look upon the great *Magnifico's* of the World, as so many Anticks below us, dancing Galliards to no better Musick than what pleasure and vanity, as so many deceitful Syrens, sing us.

10. Is it not time therefore to found a retreat to such, that run a full career in pursute of their own vanities,

vanities, with this excellent piece of Scripture?

Remember now thy Creatour.

Let such learn to put by insinuating pleasures with that brave resolved answer, *Hippolitus* gave to the enchantments of an alluring Syren,

*Procul impudicos corpore à casto amove
Factus——*

Shall we throw the remembrance of him behind us, who made himself the Pattern to mould us into so enamouring a shape; whose hands (as Saint *Basil* hath it) were to man as a Womb, enobled that shape with a soul (though clogg'd with the rags of flesh,) journies from East to West, rides about the Circumference, descends to the Centre, ascends to the top of the Universe,

Universe, posts from Earth to Heaven in a moment.

11. And when (like foolish School-boys) we had robbed God's Orchard of that Fruit impaled with his own mandate, and so heaped coals of fire upon our own heads; though by this we had sunk our selves to the lowest abyss of misery, yet would he not (like friends that take their farewell with our felicity) leave us forlorn; but rather than we should eternally perish, and so cancel the benefit of our Creation, tore a limb of the Diety, made a divorce between God and God, betwixt himself and his beloved Son, that he might be a Sacrifice for so grand an offending. When he had thus repaired the old defacements caused by *Adam*, new minted, coyned us full of Glories, steering us from a troubled Sea into safe harbour, this Watch-man that slumbereth not, still kept Sentinel

tinel knowing, the storm being once allay'd, we would put our weather-beaten Vessels to Sea again.

12. This not all (though sufficient to engage our remembrance) but every Creature (the riches of Nature) made by the hands of the Almighty, kneaded of the same Elements, and only beholden to man for their names, are so subservient, as to pay themselves to him, as constant Tribute. I need not take care to put more weight into God's ballance, when the least mite of his favour will at any time turn the Scale of our best deservings, but joyn wonder with the Psalmist, *What is man that thou art so mindful of him, or the Son of man that thou so regardest him?*

But let us not, *Fata fugiendo in fata ruere*; while we hale off the Sands, fall foul on the Rocks; to prevent a forgetfulness of our Maker take such boldness with this
Super-

Superspiritualis spiritus (filed so by *Damascen*) as one friend will with another. The Effigies of him, whose endearedness to us hath merited some extraordinary value, is commonly drawn in the liveliest colours, set in the most obvious and eminent place, that we may enjoy a living shew for a dead substance.

13. But this great and terrible *Jebovah*, glorious in his incomprehensible Attributes, whose sacred name I adore afar off, not daring to approach but with a prostrate countenance, much more with a rude Pencil venture at his Dimensions, who is great without quantity, and good without quality; can he be circumscribed with lines, whose Centre is every where, and Circumference no where? Who spans the Poles with his fingers, and holdeth the whole World in his fist? Shall fading colours set forth the glory

glory of his countenance, *who is clothed with light as with a garment?* With what eyes shall we behold this *Father of light*, when the face of his servant *Moses* carried too radiant a lustre for the Israelites to behold without a darkning Veil?

14. Nay, by what measures shall we estimate the Creatour, when the Creature it self, the Sun (a Creature without so much as Vegetation) appears too resplendent for the eye of man to fix on without dropping a tear, as a repentance for his boldness? But then let not sullenness have that predominancy over us, because we cannot see beyond our Horizon, have a full draught of his ineffable Majesty, refuse to know so much as we can. Without unravelling the ruffled skein of the Trinity, we may comprehend that, which may be the material cause of our salvation. To remember him as our Creatour, and (in
the

the acceptance of his Son's merits) our Redeemer, as one *that by day goeth before us in a pillar of a cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire*, is a Sphere large enough for man's narrow soul to Intelligence.

To make this a Compleat Chain, we must add another link to it; *In the days of our Youth.*

Remember thy Creatour; in the days of thy Youth.

15. That easily rated to us we commonly strike into a bargain, not omitting the Golden Opportunity of purchasing. Can more triumphant glory, with such exceeding cheapness, be set before us than this *Cœlum Empyream*, this Heaven of Heavens, purchased only with the *Remembering our Creatour, in the days of our Youth?*

¶ Certainly it was a Noble shew to have seen *Rome* (Queen of the

the World) when her victorious Captains made their entry in their Triumphal Garments, crown'd with the Spoils of Kingdoms, attended by Princes, and Potentates, Ensigns, and Trophies of their glorious Conquests.

16. Alas, it was but a Poppet-shew, at best but fantastick Pageantry, to those super-excellent things of the *New Jerusalem*; which cannot be decypher'd but in part, when our bodies are glorified; because we cannot see to the end of eternity, shall never be able to characterize the plenitude of its glories, and rich beatitudes; because we shall never have experience of their termination, have that duration, that *a thousand years are but as one day*, of such an everlastingness, as that of the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*. Merciful Lord give us that holy longing of Saint *Augustine*; To see that head which was
C crown'd

crown'd, and those hands which were pierced, to purchase for us such inestimable glories, that have an incomprehensibility above all admiration.

It is observed that Saint *Paul*, after that he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, and there seen the wonders thereof, and heard things unutterable, put a very low valuation upon any thing that was terrene ever after.

C. 1. Since our encouragement is so great, our Trophies for victory over sin and Satan shall be so full of Pulchritude, so glorious, let us not post off our repentance to a dying hour, that must of necessity be an early Sacrifice, but strike while the Iron is hot, in the fervour of our Age. Though he paid some that came at the last hour, equally with those who endured the whole heat of the day, and shewed them eminent mercy, when the crack'd
glass

glass of old age hath been dropping the last sand ; yet know we not whether the *fatal Sisters* will draw out the thread of our life to a greater length, or that God (whose lenity may be abused) will accept our dull spectacle services , when *the evil days are upon us* , we refusing him the choicest oblations of our youth.

This portion of Scripture (pardon the comparison) is the *Brazen Head* that tells us, *Time is*. If we have not the Wedding Garment on when the Bride-groom calls, we shall not have admittance into the Bridal-Chamber.

2. Such as repudiate Christ in the lustre of Youth , in their Meridian of Glory, shall receive a retaliation, when that Vermilion proves adulterate.

Christ's Spouse the Church is fair , and hath no spot in her, not bleer ey'd , not pallsie-headed, but

comely, as the Tents of Kedar, and as the Curtains of Solomon. So that, if we will match with Christ, we must bid the Banns while our Roses are fragrant; when we are young, and pulpy, that the Seal of God's Grace may stamp the more lively Signature on us.

When God commanded *Abraham* to sacrifice his Son *Isaac*, (a streight command for the Father to bath his hands in his Son's gore; nay, *Isaac* his only Son, *Isaac* whom he loved) yet *Abraham's* ready performance shall be the echo to God's call, and will as attentively receive his orders for the slaughtering his Son, as his Wives *Sarah's* for the impregnating her Hand-maid *Hagar*, as 'tis manifest in his early rising to offer up this piece of himself, as sweet incense unto the Lord.

3. Out of this old Cistern we may draw forth living waters, and we Children learn of this Father of
many

many Nations; betimes, in the dawning of our age, rise from our downy beds of sin, to glorifie our Maker, and those endeared pleasures (as so many *Dalilahs*,) that enervate and disable us from combating with Satan (that great *Leviathan*) we must depose, unthroned, before they subject us to a vassilage.

The pestilence soonest deflowers the fairest complexion, and an inconsiderable disease in our Non-age makes the Lillies look pale and wan, blasts the Roses in our cheeks, and every where gives a fallow tincture to what before appeared pure and sanguine. Now this of the mind holds the same parallel with that of the body. The first stage of our life is the most dangerous for giving and receiving temptations: Every vice, like a Curtisan, trickt up in the loveliest attire, makes its address, and rather than this tinsel stuff shall want vent, that subtle Im-

poſtor, the Devil, brings in all the Preſidents and Pleadings of Nature.

4. Speaks to us in our own Dialect, robed with the faireſt blandiſhments and graces of ſpeech ; leaves out no artifice or flouriſh to make his Oratory perſwaſive ; tells us, to meditate on Heaven is but a fit of Melancholly, the dumpiſh thoughts of Mortality carry a harſh and jarring ſound to our ſprightly ſpirits, ſuch wrinkled ſeverity, ſuch gray headed Meditations, knit no Roſaries, make no fit Chaplets to crown our budding Age ; our Underſtanding is not yet ſetled, our Judgment but in the bloſſom ; ſo great a work ought to have a ſerious and well weighed deliberation, which in youth muſt needs be diſturbed with Objects of a brighter luſtre ; perſwades us only then 'twill be ſeaſonable to hang the Chambers with black, ſet up a grim Skeleton, dress the Cloſets and Windows

dows with bundles of Cypress, when the marrow of our bones is drunk up, when we have lopt off the excrescencies of an exuberant fortune, when weariness and diseases call froward and fullen Age to its retirement.

5. *At what time soever a sinner doth repent:* Here we have God's Word for it, that any time serves his turn. Why then should we rifle youth of his solace, make meager the plumpness and fairness of our body with fasting and penance, when we may beguile the nights tediousness with revelling, and fare deliciously every day? Why should we put on Sack-cloth and Camels hair, when we may wear Tiara's on our heads, fine linnen and a Tyrian Robe upon our bodies? rowl our selves in dust and ashes, in penitential tears, and heart breaking sorrows; when we may lie down in beds of Ivory, bath our

Bodies in Egyptian Liquors, and besmear our braided Locks with Nard? Why should we not drown the sound of a bold *Boanerges* (who denounces nothing but black and dismal portents) with amorous Songs, and heart ravishing Ditties, chaunted by Quires of beautiful Syrens?

6. As soon as he hath thrown water (drawn out of the Stygian Lake) on those glowing Embers, beaten down those vapours that were only dancing in this lower Region, and for want of an heavenly influence could not ascend higher, to be at a greater certainty, shews us all the glories of the World, carries us (according to our Saviours usage) from the Pinnacle of the Temple, to an exceeding high Mountain, from an affection, a lust of a lesser growth, to one of a greater maturity; knowing that his intoxicating cup (*Philtre* like) assures

assures him our amours, that these adulterate delectations set out in the richest embroidery, have a fascination irresistible: *And where our pleasures are there will our hearts be also.*

Here are the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, enough to make a riot, to beat down, to level those Mounds and Bulwarks, that are slightly set up, and worse guarded for the souls preservation. *Musæus* calls the light of *Hero* a deceitful one, because it extinguish'd when *Leander*, amidst the boistrous waves, had most need of its direction. So may it be said of the vanity of this World, that 'tis an *Ignis fatuus*, a deceitful light, it leads us to Charnel-houses and Cœmetaries, to death and destruction.

7. Therefore *Solomon*, that we may not be turn'd into beasts by the Inchantments of that Satanical *Circe*, drink of those tilted Lees, entertain

tain their dalliances and fawning Courtships, presents us a more lovely and lasting Object, *Our Creatour, at whose right hand are pleasures for ever more.*

The grave and stanch Councillours of *Rehoboam* (that his Reign might not be built upon a slippery precipice) gave him this sound advice: *Speak kindly unto the people this day, and they will be thy servants for ever.* So *Solomon* with the whole Hierarchy of Saints and Martyrs, bequeathed us this excellent Principle (grounded upon experimental knowledge:) *Speak heartily and fervently, unto God this day in prayer, in this Prælude of our Age, and he will go in and out before us all the days of our lives.*

To make such early provision is a removing the evil day far from us.

8. When the mighty *Cæsar* fell,
in the morning as he enter'd the
Senate,

Senate, a Book was convey'd into his hands, wherein was laid before him the whole Scheme of the Conspiracy: but he disposing of it for an Evening exercise, lost the opportunity of putting by those fatal thrusts made at him. *Architas* Tyrant of *Thebes*, refusing to read a little Schedule (where, as in a Magick glass, he might have viewed the Pourtraictures of his Enemies, and have seen the face of their Confederacy) perish'd that Evening amidst the Delicacies of a Banquet. Thus assoon as we appear upon this World's Theater, God stretcheth forth his Scepter to call us to him, puts into our hands the *Book of life*, where, in legible Characters are delineated to us the Stratagems and Machinations of the Devil, also how to break those Snares, destroy those Gins and Toiles set for us.

9. But if we will play with Feathers

thers and Rattles, when our Salvation lies a bleeding ; or, *Archimedes* like, draw circles in the dust ; we may expect to be doom'd to *Cæsar's* fate, if not in the bud, yet when we are full blown, before our tremulous leaves shall fall with Winter Frosts.

Qui primò obstitit, repulitq; malum, tutus, ac victor fuit: Shall *Seneca*, a Heathen, give such demonstration of a brave mind, and we, who have the glorious Gospel perpendicularly shining on us, walk in the shades of death, and live as if we had not one beam or ray to invigorate us? The Naturalists observe, *Frigiditas non intrat in opus naturæ.* Whether it be a received Maxim in Philosophy, I'm sure it holds in Theology. If we render God the Service of our Youth with cold and benumbed hearts, it makes us rather retrogrades than advancers of our salvation, When
we

we are composed of such dull Materials, such phlegmatick Constitutions, that the bright rays of the Apostles, the flaming Torches, those Saints and Martyrs, that with *Elias* are carried up to Heaven in Chariots of fire, or those cœlestial flames of divine truth brought down by our heavenly *Prometheus*, will not light our dull matches, quicken this earthy *Compositum*.

10. Lord! what warmth, what animation can they receive by thrusting them into the cold and dying embers, with the ashes of security raked over them. *Remember therefore thy Creatour* while thy vivid parts are active, while we can give our bodies a lively Sacrifice, before the Sun of our youth be set, or day darkned, and the North Star shine only in our Horizon, before the Winter of Age approaches, such years, such days, wherein thou shalt say, *I have no pleasure in them.*

The

The Kingdom of Heaven must be taken by violence : How unfit then is decrepit Age to *Camisado* the Devil ? Who, like that Roman *Cocles*, posts himself on that bridge we are necessitated to pass over; makes good that narrow streight that leads unto Heaven ; and those infirmities, that foul vessel (our body) is then freighted withal, so distracts and discourages the mind, that it knows not where to make its advantage.

The Prophet *Jeremy* tells us ; *'Tis good to bear our yoke in our youth.* As soon as *Sampson's* strength forsook him the *Philistins* prevailed; and made a mockery of him. If *Jacob* had wrassled with the Angel, when his strength (as a fortification) time had dismantled, he could not have held contest with God till the Morning.

II. The Ancient Romans would enrol none into their victorious
Legions,

Legions, but such as had strength in some degree equivalent to the Magnanimity of their minds. The *Grand Seignior* (whose vast Territories his irresistible hand hath made Tributary) yearly assesses his Christian Provinces at so many young striplings (when confirmed in the Mahumetan Faith, principled in the Customs and Manners of the Country) to recruit the valiant band of Janizaries. Holy Writ shews us the same care in *Nebuchadnezzar*, who culled out the towardliest Youths of the Israelites, that, by an early sowing in them the Seeds of Idolatry, they might be choice Instruments for the propagating their Pagan Worship. And the Poets tell us, that their great God *Jupiter* would be served by none, but such as the young *Hebe*, and the beautiful *Ganimede*.

12. If the Glories of our blooming Age shall thus adorn the
Throne

Throne of Princes (whom God with the *breath of his Nostrils* can make but as *stubble before the wind*) Shall not then this *Tetragrammaton*, our great God for whom we want Epithets, nay, the Tongues of Angels, to give him nomination) command our attendance when clad in the fair Livery of a becoming Youth? Shall not we work with him whilst it is day? For when the night cometh no man can work, no vigour is then left to dissipate those Clouds, no Sun to exhale those Mists and Fogs that lie on the surface of our souls. *Dum hodie appellatur*: 'Tis to day that you must hear his voice. And you shall hear it in a sweet Tone, sung by God himself in the Quire of Heaven, with a Consort of Myriads of Angels: *Arise my Love, my fair one, and come thy way*. If we were not a stiff necked People, a perverse Generation; We would eccho back
that

that of Israels melodious Chanter ;
*O God, thou art my God, early will I
seek thee.*

13. *Plato* in the height of his Agony, amidst the pangs of death, thanked the Gods, *That he was born a man, and not a beast, a Greek, and not a Barbarian.* But that insensate man, that stops his ears against such heavenly Charmers, shuts out the Almighty, draws a Curtain betwixt God and his poor soul, least the thoughts of Heaven damp his pleasures, the reverence due to so great a Majesty strike him into an awful obedience, when the untunable summons of death alarum him, *Plato's* joy shall be his sorrow, wish that his ashes might never be kneaded into the same lump, but go to a Land of forgetfulness. Improvident soul ! the clear sky of thy felicity shall be soon overcast ; thy short day will have a long night : For thy Heaven here thou

D

must

must have an Hell hereafter.

Cleombrotus was so far transported with reading a Treatise of the Immortality of the Soul, that he presently slew himself.

14. And it is recorded by *Cesar* in his *Gallick War*, that the bare opinion of the *Druides* (who taught that the Soul was out of the reach of Death, and that it out-lived the Bodies dissolution) made their Followers magnanimous in warlike Achievements, and pull'd that frightful vizard from off the face of death, which otherwise would have stopt the carier of their prowess and gallantry. But that that made them valiant, makes thee cowardly, and (if made thy case) but faintly exprest, when the Philosopher calls it *Terribilium terribilissimum*, the terrible of terribles; when the Doors shall be shut, the Windows darkned, and the Curtains drawn about thee, the Mourners attending

tending thy departure, and nothing but Emblems of sorrow and sadness, and thy evil Angel (like *Brutus* spectre) facing thee in this thy dismal solitude, and thou cry out to him, *Habe me excusatum*; and he will answer thee in the Negative, *Thou must be stript of all thy Glories; of all thou accountest dear to thee; thou must to the shades below, and after that to Judgment.*

15. Then will the body (after that it feels the throws and pangs of Death) fly out upon the soul for her inbred contagion and sentiments of impurity; and the soul accuse the body for giving fuel to all intemperance, for its officiousness in acting the dictates of a corrupt mind, and only agree in that they are alike miserable.

How grievous will it be, when thou shalt consider thou hast barter'd away thy God for a trifle, sold eternity for a moments pleasure;

for that which *Pindarus* calls, *The dream of a shadow*? And now every one of these Phantasma's attend the *Exit*, and sad *Catastrophe* of thy soul, carry a fagot to her funeral pile. Now canst thou discern (to thy immense sorrow) that *Ixion* like thou hast embrac'd a Cloud for *Fu-no*; That those Virgin faces have been *Harpies*, ravenous Birds, and that they had their Dragon Tayls under their deceitful wings; *Fael*-like they have brought thee butter in a Lordly dish, but born a hammer in their deadly hands.

16. 'Tis the Prophet *Esay*'s call to the regenerate man lodged in the Chambers of the Earth; *Awake and sing, ye that lie in the dust, because the dawning of your rejoycing is at hand, that you shall wear Crowns on your heads, and carry Palms in your hands*: But to the unregenerate man will the call be; *Awake and howl, ye that lie in the dust, be-cause*

*cause the day-break of your sorrowing
draweth nigh. Then will yee cry out
to the Mountains and Rocks to fall
upon you, and hide you from the wrath
of the Lamb.*

Let therefore these expressions,
which have put on mournful Robes,
these Scutchions and Ensigns for
lost souls, broach our eyes, and soft-
en our petrified hearts; sting and
quicken our remembrance for the
works of a devout life, That we
put not the consideration of our e-
ternal welfare, like *Foram's* Mes-
sengers, behind us. No trusting to
an after game, when we have but
one cast, one throw, whether we
have Heaven or Hell: 'Tis odds a-
gainst us we draw a blank, when
we have but time to pull one
chance out of this great Lottery,
but few hours to redeem thousands
of their Predecessours.

D. 1. It might have been Orna-
mental to a Christian, what dropt

from *Seneca*; *Ante senectutem curavi ut bene viverem, ut in senectute bene morerer.* 'Tis no good trusting to that we can make to our selves no certain assurance of. It was therefore Saint *Augustine's* care not to venture his salvation (a thing so precious) on an *Evening Repentance*. We can promise to our selves no boon voyage, putting to Sea when our Vessel is leaky, and weather beaten, fitter to be careen'd, than ventur'd forth upon the tempestuous Main.

2. What can we say for our selves, or who shall plead our cause, when the soul, and all her fortunes, are properly Gods by title of Creation, and we change the property of them, and make them instruments for sin and Satan; when we prostrate our beauties to our lust, and make courtship and caresses to vile affections, to rottenness and putrefaction, whose deformity

mity lies hid under a lilly'd skin spread over it, and serve God when our zeal is as cold as our bodies; when we cannot bend the knees to reverence our Maker, lest we stumble to the Earth, the Tomb which must presently enshrine those few dusts of ours? Though we are then free from some sins (but thanks to our age for such abstinence: *Temperantia in senectute non est temperantia, sed impotentia temperantia.*) 'Tis not that our affections are surfett'd, that we nauseate those Cates we have so deliciously fed on; Or Saint *Hierom's* *Surgite à mortuis, & venite ad Judicium*, knocks at the doors of our hearts, and tells us; *For all this we must come to Judgment*; but that our bodies are not able to go an even pace with our desires, that they are too much enfeebled to follow the pursuit of their former vanities: Why wait we not for the

twilight to hunt the quarry of our goatish affections, but that our stock of fuel is burnt up, by too freely blowing the coals of our lust, or that Rheums and Dropsies have drown'd those scintils and sparks that were left?

3. Why Epicurize we not so much, but that there is a deficiency of heat for its digestion? Why rise we not so early to inebriate ourselves? 'Tis because we have so many issues and botches (the plague sores of a debauched life) that makes our bodies *Plena rimarum*; Sieves like, they cannot hold full draughts. As the Prophet *Elisba* said to his servant *Gehazi*: *Is this a time to be taking rewards?* So, Is this a time to begin our Heavenly Pilgrimage, when all is dark about us? To begin to live, when a diseased body, a distracted mind, and unsettled estate call for reparation? When (like the devout women) we might

might have presented to God, in the morning of our Age, gums, and sweet spices of prayers and supplications?

Adolescens, tibi dico, surge. Now is the time that salvation is offered to us; when every faculty is in its most admirable perfection, the senses most subtle, their spirits more agile.

4. The eye can best discern without a Perspective, the Effigies of God in his own person, and all other his mighty works for the service of man; The ear quickest hear the sweet sounding musick of his word; The hands have a greater dexterity to perfume God's Altars with the Odours of Almshands and charitable actions; The feet strongest and best able to support us to the hallowed Temple: Thus imploying our vigorous and active abilities, is a seeking the Lord while he is near to us. The nature

nature of Quick-silver is to tremble, and be restless, till it find something with which it may commix. So these Mercurial parts, if not set on work in God's service, will be sure (though to their own cost) take employment elsewhere. Youth knows no *Medium*; its lively Embers will be either blown into a flame of Devotion or Concupiscence. Let us therefore tread that path figur'd out to us, take that Clue in hand to lead us through the intricate Labyrinths of a perplexed life: And, for our better direction, there are erected in holy Scripture Pyramids and Columns, such store of lights, as so many *Pharo's*, that we may sail on with a prosperous gale to our haven of felicity.

5. If the glorious Mansions of the Heaven, with all its splendid Equipage, be worth the purchasing; Let us *Remember our Creatour*. If

at

at any time we *Remember our Creator* ; let it be, *Juvenili etate* , In our rosie-morn, *In the days of our Youth*. If we will bate our selves so much of our present enjoyments, as to pay him *Primitias*, the service of our Youth ; Let it not then be a lame , or disjoynted one, lest we be put by, as those maimed persons in the Old Law , from serving at the Sanctuary ; but such vivid, such Heroick services, as will not shame the giver , nor cause God to withdraw his hands from deigning them a favourable acceptance.

6. This will forward our Journey to the *New Jerusalem* ; a City that hath all peace, all joy: *Where there is no leading into Captivity, nor crying in her streets. A City of pure Gold, and the Walls of Jasper. A City that hath no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth light it: Where we shall not forget him ;*
for

for we shall sing *Allelujahs* to him :
Where we shall not forget him ;
for we shall have such glorified bo-
dies , as to see him face to face
without a flaming bush to inter-
pose, without meaner Objects than
Saints, Angels, Cherubims, and Se-
raphims.

ESSAY

ESSAY II.

7. *De Humana fragilitate.*

JOB 14. 1.

*Man that is born of a Woman
is of few Days and full of
Trouble.*

Quod natum est poterit mori :
Every birth will have a burial. And a greater Rhetorician than *Seneca* tells us ; *There is a time to be born, and a time to dye.* The hand of fate signs no Indulgences, reprieves not any, seeing all are doom'd and destin'd to the
shades

shades of death. *Nulla prece mobilis Ordo*: No intreaties can reverse the Decretals of Heaven. The world it self, with its resplendent Luminaries, Sun, Moon and Stars, plead no exemption.

8. Those weaker fires must be burnt with a more powerful one from Heaven, and every thing reduc'd to its primitive condition, to a figur'd nothing. God only that was without beginning, knows no end. All things else will have their calcination, will to rubbidge. That Microcosm, man also (though but an Epitome of the World, yet of greater dignity than the whole Universe) for *Adam's* disparadising himself must have this Dilapidation.

Though the hands of the Almighty have kneaded us (*Thy hands have made me and fashion'd me round about*) and baked these bodies, when inorganical, in the Oven of the Womb,

Womb, to a purity of ripeness, to an animation; yet our first sinning hath crackt these Vessels, that we moulder to dust again.

9. Though thou hast formed us so like unto thy glorious self, as made *David* out of an extasie of admiration, cry out, *I am fearfully and wonderfully made*; yet since we have blotted out the Inscription of Heaven, which was so gloriously figur'd on us, defac'd that noble Impress thou was pleas'd to stamp upon common clay, 'tis no injustice if we return to dirt again, for this Lord Paramount to change our free tenure into Lease hold, nay into Villenage. Since we refus'd to live in the Sun-shine of his favour, 'tis of our own meriting that we are doom'd to a Land of darkness. Though these earthly Tabernacles have the enblement of being Ancient Demain, Crown-lands; yet have they no priviledge of immu-

nity,

nity, shall not be freed from the common Gabels nature imposes upon them, but have their devastation too. Though our *bodies* (by divine Institution) *are the Temples of the Holy Ghost*; yet if we make them receptacles for sin, we cannot expect less than a dissolution of them. For, *The wages of sin is death*. Every man (as *Tertullian* hath it) being *Homicida sui*, a murderer of himself. Man forges the weapon, and sin is the sword that doth execution on us.

10. *Dari bonum quod potuit auferri potest*. The same power that cast these divided Elements into one entire Building, can with the breath of his nostrils destruct them again; and since we prove not Vessels of Honour, will speedily take the materials asunder, and lay them in the dust: And yet may we not with Holy *Job*) say unto him, *What dost thou? For 'tis the Lord's doing, and therefore*

therefore marvellous in our eyes:

Seeing then we have pull'd this house upon our own heads, which if sin had not undermin'd (though but houses of Clay) had outbraved times dilapidation. Let us therefore be content (our own consciences having already proved our Indictment) to hear that irreversible sentence pass'd on us, which hath long since sent many to the place of execution; though reprieved for a few days, yet wilt thou bring us also to death, and *to the house appointed for all living*. We must all back to the place whence we came, the Earth, there lie fetter'd in the prison of the Grave, to be torn and mangled by her little Furies, fierce executioners, till our bones are pickt clean, till they have their incineration too.

11. In the sacred rolls of Heaven we find the same judgment denounced against the heritage of the
E Lord,

Lord, *Thou Worm Jacob*. No higher title doth the Lord bestow on the greatest of the Sons of men: *For they shall all lie down alike in the grave, and the worms shall cover them.* Stoop here, and see the polished Tomb-stone that's laid over us; the worm shall cover us: And read what Epitaph *Job* hath writ on it: *Man that is born of a Woman is of few days, and full of trouble.*

It had been enough to have said, We are born of women, without reading to us the destiny of a short continuance; for by that we might have spell'd our fleeting condition, and as in a mirrour, viewed the forms and *Idæa's* of our present sufferings. 'Tis necessary to derive our pedigree, blazen the cankered stuff we are made of, that we might not too much glory in a mistaken happiness.

12. *Corruption thou art our Father,*

Divine and Moral.

¶

ther, the worm is both our mother and sister. Like the Apples of Sodom, we may then appear glorious to the eye, but let the finger of God touch us, and we crumble to dust and ashes. That structure reared up of rotten and putrified timber, will have a fall, shall be forsaken of his supporters: Vessels kneaded of friable and mouldring matter, will into fractures, cannot long body together. Of such an uncombin'd Composition is man that is born of a woman, and therefore but of few days.

A short *Requiem* did that Noble Heathen sing to the soul of his endeared son (upon the news of his disanimation) *Scribam me genuisse mortalem*: I knew I did not beget an immortal being, that which could not die.

13. This reproves that too feminine nature of some, who melt down themselves with immoderate

sorrowing, as if they would preserve their departed friend in the pickle of their briny tears. *Cadant lachryma sed non fluent.* Some small drops (as a rightful Tribute to the dead) may be sprinkled on the grave; if not for our dear brother, yet for our disconsolate souls, that have lost the start of this blissful *Santon* in his heavenly expedition.

That the body must perish, must have a change, nothing more certain. Are not our ears continually alarm'd with the dismal sound of the Passing-bell? And whilst our eyes are busily looking on the Hearse, and pomp that attends it, we perchance stumble at a grave; and they, that even now carried their dead friend to his bed of earth, may, before the Sun hath run his next days course, juggle with him for a grave.

14. Worms must necessarily devour
your

your us, to make room for others. For *one Generation passeth, and another cometh*, and that small portion of turf measur'd out to us by the Charnel-man, we hold but for a season, till we have forfeited our Lease by letting our building run to ruine, a dissolution of our selves.

Then we, and the Grave, carry but one Complexion; the Sons and their Mother Earth alike featur'd, the guildings and flourishes of Nature being quite erased out of us: so that ill-favoured *Thirsites* appears as lovely as *Adonis*; *Cleanthes* a poor tankerd-carrier, as wealthy as *Crasus*: for the Mouthes of both are filled with Dust. *Pompey*, that would admit no equal, hath here no inferior: for Dust hath no pre-eminence, shews no Acts of Royalty, displayes no Ensigns of greatness. Our Beautys (if we have any such light thing to glory in) will become as Dirt, and our very

deformities heightn'd to a greater deformity, the vilest of putrefaction. What Statist, by the help of his inspections, can resolve this to be Dust Imperial; distinguish that which sate on a Throne, from that which wearyed out it self in a Spital?

15. What Anatomist, or Critick in Physiognomy, dare (by making inquisition on a Skeleton) trust to the Symmetry of those disguised parts, averr, here lie the ruins of Beauty, there the rubbidge of uncomeliness? What Classis, what Synod, what General Council can, by winnowing or sifting the Dust of the Grave, say, this is believing Dust, that Atheistical? Such suddain revolutions will the coldness, and chillness, and darkness of the Bed of Earth work in us, when once laid up in it, that we are not only lost to our selves, but to those that succeed us. Can the Eye of

Augustus

gustus Caesar light us to his neglected Urn, which, before Death had eclipsed, shot such scorching Beams of Majesty, that, like the Sun 'twas said to dim the sight of his admiring Subjects? Or that silver-tongu'd *Tully* tell us where we may rake up his dispark'd ashes?

16. No Inquisition will the Son of *Sirach* have in the Grave. If thy charitable Friends be dispos'd to pay thee an anniversary mourning, it might prove difficult finding out thy Sepulchre: envious Time hath blotted thy Epitaph, crackt thy Tomb-stone, perchance divested thee of that upper Garment, and pieced it to some remote building. Allow it appear in legible Characters, we cannot say this Dust belongs to thee; some latter Friend may be there since interr'd; the Charnel-mans Shovel may by digging too neer, pare thy Sides, throw the into the neighbouring Grave: or
the

the Earths little Cannibals, in their Caresses and Frolickings, drag thee out of the Chancel into the Church-yard, or high-way, or feed on thee in thine own Grave, and spew thee forth in another. Hard finding thy Grave then, but harder finding thee in thy Grave, and hardest finding any piece of thee entire; if Sainted, not so much as to make a Relicque of. So many mutations, transmigrations, will these Raggs of Flesh receive in a few Centuries of Days, as soon as in *Lustres*, or *Olympiads*.

E. 1. This then should teach them who do *Turgescere fastu*, swell with a Tympany of Pride, and self conceit, that they despise not their poor Brother. *Did not one fashion us both in the Womb?* Shall we then account him inglorious, whose Roofe is not seiled with Cedar, nor painted with Vermilion? Why, *be that hath swallowed down Riches shall vomit*

vomit them up again ; and those
stately Palaces, erected as so many
lasting Pyramids to perpetuate our
Names and Memories, are but
Castles built in the Air : For when
Death hath sealed our *Mittimus*,
we shall no more to our House,
*neither shall our place know us any
more.* So that we might take up
that of *Eſau* (though more justly)
*Lo I dye, and what good will my birth-
right do me ?* Such embellish'd
Mansions, when the Edifice of our
Flesh shall ere long be dismantl'd ?
Such Hydropick desires of Gold,
when we our selves shall become
Dross, or (according to the Pro-
phets embasement) *reprobate Sil-
ver ?* How far can Preferments
stead us, when Death shall cut the
Spurrs of Knight-hood off our heels,
degrade us of all our Honours,
level us with the Earth, nay sink
us lower then the Dust we tread
on ?

2. *Philip*

2. *Philip* Monarch of *Macedon* falling in the Sand, and seeing there a perfect draught of his Body, cryed out, upbraiding his insatiable Ambition; *O ye Gods, we think the whole Universe too little for us, and behold how small, and minute a part serveth.*

In the Days of *David* a short Arithmetick would have cast up the Years of Man, and how many Ages have since spent themselves to bring about this declining one, this last quarter? No *Methusalems* in these Days: for as the World that encircles us, wears, *waxing old as doth a Garment*: So this Microcosm, this little World Man must wear. We cannot fetch out the Steps of our Grand-fires, their Shields, and Launces, are too weighty for us to manage. One of their Monuments, where they allowed themselves but Elbow-room to lye, if destructive time hath not levelled

led its stateliness, and luxury, with the Earth (for the *Mausolea* themselves shall be entombed too in the common Grave) would serve now to hide a whole Family of ours.

3. To our Pygmy growths our Years then must be proportionable ; Our abode here shorter than a peregrination. Tho we pass by those Iliads of Dangers that obviate us, and burn out to the bottom of the Wick, dye in our socketts ; yet deduct so many Years for our declination since those more durable ones, and almost one half of that abbreviated time for Sleep (the Hand-Maid of death,) how inconsiderable, when cast up, will the *Summa totalis* be that we have to live ? How short our continuance ? If they were but Sojourners when the World was in the Meridian of his Age, in its greatest Stature, what a hasty transition do we make in its setting, in its decrepitness.

As

As if we came to give the World a visit, and, in scorn to its miserable shortness, bid a farewell to it.

If Life was but a shadow when God darted on them the rayes of his glorious Countenance, and held Dialogues with the Sons of Men, how far distant are we (that refuse to come into his presence) from the substance?

4. If our Life in those large striding times was but a Span long, how short are we now of that Span? And if God doth not alarm us to Judgment, that a few Ages more succeed ours, their being will be so fleeting, so voluble a duration, so short, so inconsiderable, that they will not know how to entile it. Even now we attribute too much by calling it a continuance, having already, in the way to that general dissolution, suffer'd so much change, but that the precedent Words check the loudness of the phrase: Tis but short,
but

but a few Days. *Man that is born of a Woman is but of few Days.*

He that lives longest hath but his Term, his being here is but as a Thought presently shoul'd out by another. The Flower we know (though more gorgeous in attire than *Solomon in all his Glory*) in the morning is by the Suns vigor raised out of the Bed of Earth, displays her Colours, and in the evening sickens, and dyes. Yet Man is no other; sometimes less considerable, rising with the Sun, and stays not his setting.

5. How great a part of mankind from their Mothers lying in, date their laying out? deliver'd by the Hands of the Midwife, from the Mantles and bloody coverings of the Womb, to be sealed up in a winding-Sheet, post from one Grave to the other? How many (with the Babes of *Bethlehem*) see the World, without continuing so long,

as to understand what they see, or, if they know it in the best of content, conclude it not to be worth the knowing, if but for its short continuance? How many before they arrive to that perfection Nature designs us (the beauty, and strength of Youth) are often so debilitated, that for want of Strength expire?

How few make their perambulations till they feel the decrepitness of old Age kicking up their Heels; or if the Thread of their Life be drawn out to a more unusual length, yet is it but a lassitude, a Province of Labour and Sorrow; every Minute expecting when Death strikes at the crazy Doors of their Bodys; the Damps that they carry about them, making their Taper all that time burn Blew, ready to extinguish.

6. That Death shall unbody our Souls, take down these tapestry Hangings of Flesh, strip us to the
Bones,

bones, what's more, incinerate, Calcine those very bones, distracts not reason; since there is a necessity for all men once to dye: *Mors necessitatem habet aquam, et invictam.* But that we should untimely dye, and, which is more admirable *Non admittere mortem, sed attrahere;* Make our hands (the Bodys carefull Conservators) our own Executioners, is a wonder too transcendent. When a healthfull composure intends us for a longer time, precipitate our ruine, dig our own graves; as if we conceited a greater misery in living then *Job*, or to lay violent hands on our selves were (after the Roman garb) to deck our heads with Garlands and Trophies for the conquest over our present sufferings.

7. The two main Columns that support mans life, are heat and moisture: If there be an excess or deficiency in either, this stately Col-
lossus

lossus becomes irreparably ruinous. But if we were such perfect Naturalists, as to acquaint our selves with the right constitutions of our bodyes, and had an observant will to act according to the dictates of our knowledge, by measuring out such a temperament, that the heat be not cooled by an exuberancy of moisture, or too thrifty allowance for it to feed on, our lamp might burn with a greater Nitor, a more lasting Clarity. But such things, are we born of women, either to know so little, or, which is worse, make not practical what we do know; that either with excessive ating cloy we that heat, make it unfit for digestion, or throw too much drink upon those glowing embers, or else frying up our marrow, emptying our veins to fill the exorbitant desires of our lusts, we are hurry'd to our last sleep many decad's of dayes sooner then
if

if we measur'd out every thing
aquà lance, with the hand of Medi-
 ocrity. No marvil our day is so
 soon clouded, our tale so soon told,
 our Pilgrimage so soon terminated :
 for not only Nature intends us a
 quick dispatch ; but we must needs
 steal a Thief into our farthing can-
 dle, mend the swift pac'd sand that
 measureth our time, by shaking
 the glass of our life into quicker
 motion : Like that exquisite Lim-
 ner who cut a visible line through
 that small one coppied out to him
 by his competitor.

8. We have but one passage
 that leads us into the world, and
 that a strait one : For we come like
Rebecca's twins, struggling, and
 striving for our admittance ; but
 death hath bands of Executioners
 in a readiness to give us our pass-
 port. Though there is but one
 postern that leads us out of the
 land of the living, *Death*, yet ma-
 F rily

ny are the wayes trod out to it.

*Mille modis lethi miseros mors una
fatigat.*

Some foot it by those lesser paths
of Agues, and Colds ; Others
ride the beaten and trodden wayes
of Surfets, and Feavers ; Others
the common rodes, and high ways
of Pestilence, and the Sword. At
this Centre, Death, all lines meet,
all rodes give up their passingers
and when we have discharg'd our
Bill of fare, paid Nature her ar-
rears (for we have been dyinge-
ven from our infancy) *vestigia nul-
la retrorsum* ; We make no return.
*The eye of him that hath seen me
shall see me no more.*

9. Though we have our *Magna
Charta* confirm'd to us by the king
of Kings, and Lord of Lords, of a
Sovereignty over the Creatures, as
is acknowledged by the Psalmist,

Thou

Divine and Moral. 67

Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet ; Yet there is no creature so contemptible, but may have a time to triumph with the spoils of his Lord.

Præsentemq; viris intentant omnia mortem;

Every thing menaces destruction, hath an Inveniom'd arrow ready to let fly at us. The Fates could string their Bow with one single hair, when they sent a death to *Fabius* a Roman. A fly was wing'd with Destiny, when it choakt *Adrian*. *Aristides*, after he had escaped the furies of men and savager beasts, had the thread of his life snagl'd in two by the bite of a Weasel. A Gnat, or Emmet, can as well lay its in the dust as an Elephant.

10. An Ear-wig (when ransacking the Cells and private chambers of our brain) stings us as deadly

as a Scorpion. A small fish-bone destroys us (as it did once *Tarquinius Priscus*) sooner than a shark, or Sword-fish. A pin may give *Lethale vulnus*, a fatal wound (if sharpn'd with the anger of Heaven) as readily as could *Ajax* speare: And this confirm'd in the mournful story of *Lucia* sister to the Emperor *Aurelius*, who innocently sporting with her infant, receiv'd a small prick in the breast with her Needle, and through that small loop-hole presently death discharg'd it self upon her. God out of a little Orifice can give our vitals passage, and our souls can as easily fall through Chinks, and Crannies of our bodyes, as if it had doors, and gates to let it forth. Add then these casualties (from which no one purchases a Patent of exemption) to the natural infirmities of our body's (which are wounds, and bruises and putrified Sores) and our foolish

foolish propensity of imping those feathers, that of themselves are wing'd strong enough to carry us to our long home, and we must necessarily conclude our emanation from the prison of the womb, to *Golgotha*, the place of execution, to be inconsiderable, so inconsiderable, as to have no continuance.

II. Is our time here but of short continuance? Then is it high time to trim our lamps. *Rogus et urna meditanda*. Set before our dreaming fancies our Pile and Pitcher, and every man say to his improvident soul, what the Prophet did to King *Hezekiah*; Put thy house in Order for thou shalt surely dye. *Quamdiu? Cras quare non modo finis turpitudinis mee* Saith St. *August*. How long will ye resist the holy motions of repentance, and cry out to morrow we will purifie our souls with snow-water, when before the day cometh, they may be drown'd, swal-

low'd up in their own pollutions. Let nothing therefore hinder thee to pay thy vowes in due time, and not at the vespers of death, when thy Malady and busie care to leave a calm and quiet estate to thy hasty successors, distract thee in thy accounts to God.

12. The womb was our tiring room to put on the habiliments of the flesh. The world is our tiring room to deck, and apparel our selves with the rich robes of righteousness. And we know not how soon the loud Musick of the last Trump will sound us forth, to shew to the all discerning eye of Heaven, whether we have acted to the life Comœdies of pleasure, and sensuality, or Tragœdies of sorrow, and compunction for sin; whether we have chanted wanton layes, and amorous ditties; or Canticles, Hymns, and spiritual songs.

Omnem

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum;

Let us with the Poet conceit every day to be our last, and with that Heathen *Seneca*, *Efficere mortem, sibi familiarem*; Make death our daily companion; so to prepare, *Ut Moriantur ante nos vitia*; That our sins give up the Ghost before us: For in our last scene they will shift their robes, and (to our great Consternation) all appear drest in their true deformities.

13. When this Pursuivant (Death) hath thus attacht the unregenerate man, what hath pride profited him? Or what good hath his riches, with his vaunting, brought him? Then if he had the whole world at command he would take up the Devils phrase, *All this will I give thee* to reprieve me but a few days, that I might file off my

rust, burnish my self for Heaven,
 cleer my freckl'd soul of those Mor-
 phewes, and stains, that present
 her uncomly in the sight of her mak-
 er.

*Desine fata deum flecti sperare precan-
 do,*

But alas intreaties avail not any
 thing; no deprecating fate : tis not
 our importunate whining can alter
 the decrees of Heaven. Think not,
 because, when God decreed *Heze-
 kiah* a present death, upon his hum-
 ble petition he revert that heavy
 sentence, and commanded the Sun
 for a sign to go so many degrees
 back in the Diall of *Ahaz*, therefore
 that he will do so for us. Let us
 not be deceived by expecting an In-
 junction from the Chancery of Hea-
 ven. The *Egyptians* found it expe-
 rimentally true, that the Goddess
 of Destiny spared none, no not the
 first

first born in *Pharaohs* Court, therefore they built her no Temple, offer'd no Sacrifices to her.

14. *Non Torquate genus, non te
facundia, non te
Restituit pietas ———*

It matters not whether we are of the *Fulian*, or *Claudian* family, no embellishing of perfections, no ornaments of Nature, no sanctity of life can privilege us from the grave: for every man hath his appointed time, and that a short one, and as if that were not enough, a miserable one too. The Prophets have foretold it, the Apostles reveal'd it, every day, every hours experience confirms to us, *Man that is born of a woman is but of few days, and full of trouble.*

15. What? To be of few days, and that full of trouble. We should rather have thought, that the brevity of mans life had been remunerated

rated with all solace and delight ; the few steps we tread had been on the fragrant Carpets, of roses, and violets, than, instead thereof, to find a repletion of sorrow, such sorrow as will keep pace with our being ; though an unbidden guest, attend us, till we are entombed in our mother Earth.

15. *Job* thought it too hard measure (though he let it not go unrepented of, sitting in sackcloth and ashes) when out of the bitterness of his soul he expostulated with the Almighty ; *Are not my days few ? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take a little comfort.* This was but a fallacious argument. If he had chang'd his note it had been more tunable. *Are not my sins many ? Why then is the rod of affliction laid so gently on me ? Why should the avenger of all things cease from punishing me, when I stop not my Career in offending ? How can I with confidence*
beg

beg any boon at his hands, when I vouchsafe him not a retribution of thanks? Our afflictions are no compensations for sins past, but sometimes given us as a makebate between us, and our indeer'd amours, to divorce us from the gayeties, and Utopian felicities of this deceivable world, which (like the Panther) pleases at distance with a perfum'd breath, but in their embraces murder us.

16. The carefull nurse imbitters her nipples with Worm-wood, that the Infant may nauseate the teat, and feed on stronger nourishment: God deals with his children, Antidotes the poyson, by sowing the pleasures of this world, making our honours and lushious delights pall'd and insipid; rubbs off the varnish, and shews their deformity, that we may no longer be Inamorato's of them.

Why then should we wrack, and torture, our inventions to acquire
that

that which beggers us? Build steps, and stairs, to mount us on the Terrace of a greater misery? (Tis St. Basils) *Duriores carcerem paravimus*: by enjoying the opulent things of this life, we fortifie our prison, lay another coat of dirt upon our Souls, which hinders the beams of our Creator from irradiating them. There is nothing that in our esteem merits the name of good, but hath an allay, a checquering of sorrow.

F I. We know the purest glasses will have their dewes, their tears hanging on them; the brightest felicity its dropping cloud, an opacous body of discomfort; and pleasures themselves will destroy us before enjoyment, if plentifully pour'd out. Our souls are so shallow, that they will be soon surcharg'd, if they come towards us *velut agmine facto*, in too violent a source. Pliny reports that Chilon the Philosopher in embracing

embracing his Son (having a Crown of Laurel bestowed on him at the Olympick games) with a surfeit of joy presently expir'd. So did *Marcus Inventius*, when the Senate design'd an ample honour for him. What pleasure can we expect, what trust repose in any thing that is under the Sun?

*Quos felices Cynthia vidit,
Vidit miseros abitura dies.*

Miserable *Job* reads here miserable mans fortune, and in the glass of his own infelicity (the Devil laying the Scene for his tortures) could cleerly see to set us this Elegiack dirge, full of misery. We have not one appellation in scripture (when dissected, untwisted by the *Rabbins*) that we find any thing to glory in.

2. In *Adam* we are call'd Red earth, which holds complexion with

with those spurious bratts hatch'd by us (our sins,) they are as red as Scarlet: and if the swarthiness of our discolour'd souls gives leave to blush at them, then do we keep to our dyet too. Sometimes we are called *Isb*, but a sound, and that properly enough; for we come Crying into the world, ringing loudest peals of complaints, when our voice is inarticulate, unexpressive: And we may be compar'd to a sound, a voice; for that is soon sent forth, and as soon lost. You see then, we have not our names for nought. God will not enoble with a splendid title that which deserves so much embasing.

3. Indeed our present tribulations are as a thousand witnesses to assert this truth,

*Quocunq; aspiciam, Quocunq; lumina
vertam;*

We cannot look upon any
thing

thing, but what appears with a
a clouded face. Let us take our
rise from our entrance on this stage
of life to the shutting up our last
Catastrophe, and we shall appear
Actors in one continued Tragedy.
No sooner bolt we out of the womb
(for we come head-long into the
world, which shews our giddiness
and innate love to it) but we find
an entertainment so cold, that we
are fain to warm us with our own
tears, and our ability so faint, so
useless to administer relief to our
crying necessities, that our little
Organs are presently founded to im-
plore a necessary aid, our legs too
weak to underprop the small burden
of our bodies, our hands not strong
enough to reach us sustenance; and
she that landed us in this vale of
misery could not keep us from going
as soon out of it, if the arms of a
stranger did not reprieve us from
the grave. All that time we are
led

led and directed by Tutors, and Governors, reckon our selves under the rod of persecution, *differing nothing from a servant, though Lord of all.*

4 And no sooner arrive we to compleat man, but emulation boyls within us to such a tumour, that we envy, and hate, those we see move in an higher Orb ; and think our condition but Heremitical, because the seat of our Sovereignty is not built high enough to give us prospect over our Neighbours. Under this Torrid Zone of our age, in these distempering dog-dayes, our desires are so exorbitant, affections so disproportionable to the dictates of reason, that while wandering through innumerable Labyrinths of care and trouble, trusting to the Clue of our own fanatick spinning, we lose our selves, and seldom attain to that our betraying fancy reach'd at. What though
we

we crown our endeavours with a sought for success, the felicity of our enjoyment, in a just ballance, will weigh too light, if set against the harrassing of the body, and wracking of the spirits in procuring it? So that this florid part of our life, if compar'd to the other extreame of age, appears to you at first with as great a difference, as the Sun in its pride to a day of clouds. Yet upon a due calculation we have as many Halcyonian dayes under either Polar Star, as under the Eccliptick of our youth.

5. Having now cut the line, failed through this dangerous passage, I shall lead you into a more temperate Climate; but there we make no long progression, enjoy only some few lucid Intervalls: For before we can purifie our blood, poyson'd with the sins of our youth, bring back our straying fancies, recompose the distempers of our bodies,

G

dyes,

dyes; settle the Vertigo or giddiness in our brain, the Winter Quarter of age approaches, disparkling such cold influences, that the warmth of our breath hath not vigour enough to thaw the Isicles that hang on those few hairs, our many sins could spare us. *Tum quicquid atatis retrò est, mors tenet*; Death makes one in this last Scene, journeys with us in these latter dayes of our Pilgrimage. So that the same may be rehearsed to us (though in another sense) which St. Paul preach'd to the wanton widdows, *That we are dead while we live*. Our tatter'd flesh, suppl'd with Salves and Unguents, swaddl'd and held together with plaisters and trusses, like ruinous buildings with Clasps and Crampersns of iron.

6 What is it then but labour, and sorrow, and, as the wise-man renders it, *Days wherein we have no pleasure*? Though he terms them
 days,

dayes, yet are they overshadowed, in which we enjoy but a twy-light, the sable Curtain more than half drawn about us; our Candle all that while blazing in the socket, giving more of ill favour, than light; So that we are not only a burden to our selves, but an offence to others.

Rarum est felix, idemq; senex.

If we did but curiously scan the distempers incident to each period of our life, and what a Symphonie there is in the whole to compleat our sorrow, so that though we shift the Scene from our Infant Morn to the Solstice of our age, that to our declination, 'tis rather a *malo ad Pejus*, not to better our condition, but present it more disconsolate.

7. Good reason have we then, being men of like infirmities, at this grand Inquest of mans mortality,

to give in with *Job* the same verdict, though he as our foreman (for his experience) speaks for us: *Man that is born of a woman is of few dayes and full of trouble.*

Since a fullness of trouble co-habits with us in these earthly Tabernacles, 'tis our happiness that our lease is of no longer continuance. Seeing here we float upon a *Mare Mortuum* of misery, it may comfort us that we are not far from the shore. If Heaven had granted a longer Term, it had been but to be longer miserable. For holy *Job* observes; *While the flesh of man is upon him, he shall be sorrowfull, and while his soul is in him, it shall mourn.*

8. Now if we have conform'd our selves to Gods holy rule, whereby to ground a confidence, that Christ is gone before to prepare a Mansion in Heaven for us, that consideration will alleviate the harshness, and asperity of our sufferings,
sweeten

Sweeten the imbitter'd cup that Nature hath put into the hand of every mortal, dull the edge of our tribulations (the certain concomitants of this life,) sugar all our tears, stifle all our groans, make us with the *Salmander* live in the flames of our persecutions, call to our astonish'd enemies for our funeral Pile, that we may embrace it with gladness ; 'twill suggest that ere long we shall change these vile bodies (now subjected to the outrages of Fortune) for glorified ones, that we have not many days to pass through this wilderness (inhabited with Serpents and Scorpions) where Legions of sorrows and vexations march after us, like the terrible Host of the Egyptians, before we arrive at our promis'd Canaan.

9. Though sickness fastens on us, almost to the throwing down of these mudd-walls, this tottering fabrick of flesh; yet will it appear but as

Sweet slumber, because of our assurance, *that when we are dissolv'd we shall be with Christ.* Though our fortunes are unjustly seiz'd on to gorge the exorbitant lusts of higher Powers, and we left as trimly suited as *Adam* in his green Apron, yet shall we not repine at our chastisement, since the king of Kings, by an Act of resumption, takes back no more then what he formerly lent us the use of, and in the height of our penury sing a *Te Deum*, knowing that God hath stored for us a *treasure in Heaven*, so lasting as moth, and rust, cannot Corrupt; so sure as *Thieves cannot break through and steal.* Though we are bereaved of our children (those little Images of our selves) yet will we look up to Heaven, from whence flew the arrow of his vengeance, and appease our sorrow with *David's* Salve; *We shall go to them, they shall not return to us.* Though all the misfortunes

tunes of the world, like an inundation, break in upon our weak defence, yet this Red Sea shall not swallow us up, and as *Paul* and the rest of the passengers (when shipwrackt at *Melita's* shore) boated all safe to land on planks and broken pieces of the ship; So we, when wrackt, and torn, on the rocky hearts of our remorseless enemies, lay hold some on one comfort, some on another to land us safe in our wished Port.

10. Though we are beaten for professing the name of Christ, yet let us, with *Peter* and *John*, rejoyce, that we are counted worthy to suffer rebuke for his name. Now said *Ignatius* (the Martyr) *begin I to be Christ's disciple*, when in his journey to *Rome* he received scorns, and contumelies, from a band of Souldiers commanded for his Convoy. We are then in highest favour in the Court of Heaven, our soul brightest,

when it hath the light of his arrows,
and the shining of his glittering spear.

Curtius records of the great *Alexander*; *Semper bello, quàm post victoriam Clarior*; That he appear'd more Illustrious in the inquietudes of an hazzardous war, than in those serene vacations that he triumphed for his glorious victories. Disturbances, and anxieties, in our life many times put an edge on the bravery of our spirits, when too much prosperity becalms them. An over-casting cloud makes the Sun of our felicity arise more radiant. The fairest picture must be shadowed with the blackest ground-work. A Diamond emitts a more vigorous lustre when set within a black enamelling: So, afflictions are the souls soyl's, to set off, and make her appear more amiable in the sight of her Creatour.

II. We better see our faces in
Jett than in Alabaster; cleerer discern

cern what stains the soul hath contracted in the glass of adversity, than prosperity. Christal is too lucid, too transparent, gives no reflections. So honours, and earthly pleasures, shed their beams, dart their rayes too powerfully, destroying our Souls Opticks, that we cannot perfectly discern our selves, nor God lowring on us, till they are in their declination, till they make a longer shadow.

Seeing then the sorrows of this life are the truest glasses to dress our selves in, though they are burning glasses yet let us look stedfastly on them, and there shall we behold Tyara's, and scepters, prepared for us. Our lamentings (by their excellent Alchymy) converted into songs, our Captivities into triumphs, our ignominies into Crowns and Diadems. And not like that wretched Apostate who forsook the frozen lake, and that glorious company

ny of Martyrs, not long after to dye the death of an Infidel.

12. Though we walk upon the backs of Porcupines, the way set with thorns and prickles, yet is it but for a few dayes; for ere long we shall be at rest in the grave. And at that great Audit, when Christ shall deign to meet us half way in the Chariot of the Clouds, we shall be raised again in the twinkling of an eye.

Though our Tombs are defac'd, our Urns kickt about, and our neglected ashes promiscuously mingled with the common dust, yet God (that great preserver of men) will rally every shatter'd limb, and pair those feet that were before Antipodes, set every splinter, carefully gather every scatter'd Atom, put sinewes and flesh upon every dry bone, give to every seed his own body, to every body his own soul, but more refined, made more glorious

For

For in the resurrection our terrestrial bodies shall be sublimated to a Celestial perfection, be like unto the Angels in Heaven, and, if that be not change enough, have an assimilation with God himself. Though nature, and her Elementary bodies, be at variance, yet there shall be the nearest conjunction between God, and us: For we shall be married unto the Ancient of days, *And I will marry thee unto me for ever.* Saith the Prophet *Hosea.*

13. Then Time shall be no more; for we shall be to all eternity. Faith shall be no more; for we shall have an Epiphany, a day of glorious manifestation of all his promises. Hope shall be no more, for there shall be a perpetual Jubilee, a constant fruition of such superlative beatitudes, that the tongues of Men and Angels in deciphering them seem but as sounding brass, or as a tinkling Cymbal. But love in its altitude,
in

in a quintessential perfection, free from the violences and transportations, the weakness and imperfections, the heats and colds of our love to the Creature, which varies with its object. This not sullied with any mixture of malice or envy, when it beholds a Saint sit in an higher Throne encircled with a bigger Crown.

14. If so many Kings and Princes threw aside their Coronetts, and Diadems, that they might have more leisure to contemplate the excellencies of Heaven, when their understanding was but weak, their love but an Embrio; If so many Martyrs hugg'd and kist their stakes, laid them down in their flames, as in their Marital beds, to conserve this love, to secure themselves for immortality; How bright and glorious will the flame be, when it shall have the fervour of a Seraphim, the purity of an Angel? When we shall

shall see the Object of our love
(God') with whom there is no
change, or variableness, and still
desire to see him. To meditate
on him here, is to see him here-
after.

ESSAY

first, the Old Testament (God) with whom there is no change or variability, and still desire to be human, to measure on him here, is to be that here.

ESSAY

ESSAY III.

G. De Passione Christi in Corpore proprio.

LAMENT. I, 12.

Have ye no regard, all ye that
pass by? Behold and see, if
there be any sorrow like unto
my sorrow, which is done unto
me, wherewith the Lord hath af-
flicted me, in the day of his
fierce Anger.

Here's black tintured in the
deepest dye, words of such
transcendent Prevalency,
that would make stubborn Rocks
relent,

relent, and exact a fluency, of Tears from the sealed up Fontanels of our Eyes. Can any Heart, (though petrified to a wonder) not break that brittle Mansion 'tis inclosed in, when it shall hear one sing his own sad Elegy, ring his funeral Peals with such mournful Bells?

2. Had that Tyrant *Nero*, who sung the Ruines of *Troy* (when inviron'd with the Flames of his Imperial City) bin a spectator of this Tragedy of Tragedies, heard these doleful Notes (clad in so sad a Livery) so attracting Sorrow and Compassion, Pity would at an instant have Triumpht over cruelty, and made him turn convert to the highest Commiseration. For who could stifle a tributary Groan, when he heard this dying Swan fluctuating on the bitter Waters of Affliction, without being ever after deafe? Who could with a supercilious look (without suffering an absolute

solate Eclipse) behold such innovated Punishments, too grievous to answer the foulest Treason, undergone by him who had not the meanest trespass to account for? Or yet in this Iron-hearted Age of ours look on this sad Lamentation (though superannuated) and not set his sorrow to a louder Key, then the doleful mourning of *Hadadrimmon* in the Valley of *Megiddo*.

— *Quis talia fando*
Temperet a Lachrimis? —

3. But if these attendants here (these words that wait upon this mournful piece of Scripture) move us not, or the deplorableness of our condition beget no emotion, yet hear his own complaint, sounded by that golden Trumpet *Fere-miah*, we know not what an unexpected reformation it may work in us: For he that out of Stones
H could

could raise up Children unto *Abraham*, and squeeze the hardest Rocks into flowing Rivers, can with the Breath of his Nostrills mould our Hearts into the softest temper, and raise a right and unfeigned Lamentation ; for never Words were spoken more emphatically, or with a truer accent of Sorrow. *Have ye no regard all ye that pass by? &c.*

4 As petty Punishments become petty Offenders, so an abyss of sinning calls for an abyss of Suffering. Tis no meritorious act in an Homicide to bow down his Head to the stroke of Justice, for he shall but sacrifice it to the Blood of another : There the Law makes it compulsory, fashions the Punishment to the Offence. But for the Son of God, the second Person in the glorious Trinity, (one so free from Spot or Blemish, that durst say to his critical Enemies, *which of you can rebuke me of Sin*) to bow the

Heavens,

Heavens, and come down from his Imperial Throne, where he sat surrounded with Saints and Angels; to approach this vile World, which was before his Foot-Stool; to put on the rags of human Flesh, which before was clothed with light as with a Garment; and from a King of Kings to be enrolled a subject, and pay Tribute to Caesar; that rid on the Wings of Cherubins, here in his greatest Triumph to bestride a silly Ass; that thought it no robbery to be equal with the Father, to make himself of no Reputation, and to take upon him the form of a Servant; that had so many glorious Mansions in Heaven, so wholly to dethrone himself of all Pomp and State, as not to have a hole to hide his Head in, to be hunted like a Partridge in the Wilderness, betray'd by one Servant; abjur'd by another, forsaken by the rest, and generally scorn'd and scoff'd at by the Multitude,

tude, spat at, scourg'd, and delivered to a Death, the most ignominious Death, the most torturing Death, the most prolonging Death. All which summ'd up could not be endur'd by any, but one that participated of the Deity, or ransom less than the Sins of the whole World.

5. Now our Messias could not have writ our Names in the Book of Life, if he had not descended to the susception of our Infirmities. So that he was made Man to suffer, God that he might be able to suffer. Not that the God-Head was Co-partner with the Humanity, or any way attenuated his sufferings; for that was invulnerable, impassible. But the Allsufficiency of the Deity sustained, and strengthened, the insufficiency, and weakness, of the humanity. Else could he not have trod the Wine-press of his Fathers Wrath, drunk so deep of
the

the Cup of his indignation. That which would have torn, and shatter'd; the best built edifice of Flesh, Christ is enabled to undergo, that he might not give up the Ghost, till he hath gone through what a wrackt invention of exquisite Tyrants could inflict.

6. But before we go up to Mount-Calvary (the Scene of his Tragedy) let us walk to the Mount of Olives, that from that Ascendant we may take the better prospect of his doleful Passion: There shall we find him labouring under such an Agony, as should make him so exceedingly sweat, sweat Blood, drops of Blood, and that trickling down.



Ibat purpureus niveo de pectore sanguis.

7. No wonder there was such Distemper in his Body, such an

H 3

Ebullition

Ebullition of that most precious liquor, when God had sent fire into all his bones. If our astonishment hath not already overset our reason, benighted our senses, look on him in the Judgment-Hall (though but with *Peter* afar off) yet may we be neerer enough to see him run the *Gantlope*, his virgin body enduring so many stripes (as some affirm) wearied a whole band of souldiers.

Viscera mortiferis tandem contusa flagellis.

The Scribes and Elders had reason of state to hasten his death: But that Mercenary souldiers (whose short winged souls seldom soar so high as Court-Politicks, and whose Commission we find not so extensive) should, contrary to the nobleness of their Profession, act the ignominious parts of abominated Hangmen (especially when the meekness

meekness of his phrase would, like softning oyl, rather Mollifie their stony hearts, than confirm their obduratness) illustrates Gods heightned fury to sin, and so consequently to Christ, then the greatest sinner in the world. He should not sip in the cup of his fathers wrath, being now to drink a Health to the whole world, but quaff off the very lees of his indignation.

8 He shall not have the liberty of *Job*, with a pot-sheard to wipe off the excreffency of Blood; for those holy hands, that had been so often extended, to give comfort to his afflicted people, lifted up to his father to reach down mercies from Heaven for his persecuting enemies, so Charitably dispos'd to deal Almes to so many Thousands, are now fast bound, and they (who should have guarded him as Prince of *Fury*, not Prisoner in *Ferusalem*) are already voting his destruction in their hasty

leading him away to *Pontius Pilate* the Governor.

O hard hearted Jewes, not only cruel to your Saviour, but pittiless to your selves in refusing to be washed in the laver of regeneration ; spill so much *Nepenthe*, and not cool the tip of your Tongue with one drop, make of it no cherishing Cordials to strengthen your enfeebled souls ; wound this Balsom tree, lance this Wing. Palm, and hang no bottles to gather the distilling liquor, but let it fall (like a box of rich *Spicknard*) on a parched hearth, not to be gather'd up!

9. The morning being now come (too bright to look upon such black deeds) they set the great Judge of Heaven and Earth to receive his Condemnation from men. Little hopes to receive the benefit of Clergy, when the High Priests, and whole Sanhedrim, are his Prosecutors. *Pilate* might have saved the

the pains of denouncing sentence against him, who in his present sufferings represented the truest figure of death.

— *O quantum mutatus ab illo*
Hectore—

10. But 'tis decreed this Holocaust must be off'ed up to atone the incensed Majesty of Heaven. Caiaphas the High-Priest prophesieth the same. Womens assaults many times batter down mens strongest resolutions. Strange then if *Pilates* wifes Petition carry not a prevailing. *Sed oportet Christum pati.* The sentence of Heaven is irrevocable ; no appealing to a higher Tribunal: Her Petition then for this time shall be rejected ; and though she *suffer many things in a dream by reason of him*, Nevertheless (like the neglected Prophecies of the Trojan *Cassandra*) it shall pass

pass but for a dream, to clear a small scruple of Conscience. He will not enter the Lists alone with the *Jewish* Nation, and so run into a Premunire against *Cesar*.

And now no sooner had *Pilate* made clean the outside of the Platter (the inside still streaked and purpled with the Blood of Christ) washed his hands in token of Innocency, but they presently cry out for his Crucifying; as if nothing could rebate the edge of their craving Appetites, unless they carous'd full Draughts of his Blood.

O miseri quae tanta insania cives?

II. They must needs go whom the Devil drives: some (whose Feet are swiftest to shed Blood) are already run to the place of execution, and there proclaimed him coming. Others thrust him out of the *Old*, and accompany him as far

as

as *Golgotha* to the *New Jerusalem*; and, instead of sable Vestments (a decent attire for a departed Friend) or the Romans sacred *Velles* and *Infulas* (mention'd by *Livy*) signs of submission, and humble demanding of Mercy, put on *Crimson Robes* dyed in the Blood of *Christ*, instead of solemn Dirges, ring loud Peals of Acclamation. And they that not long before ushered him with Triumph into the Holy City, singing *Hosanna* to the Son of *David*, presently change Note, crying, *Crucifige eum, crucifige eum*. Though he lie weltring in his own Blood, yet is he forc'd to try the strength of his bruised Limbs, and he that (to the admiration of Beholders) reanimated the dead, and enabled them to take up their Beds and walk, must take up his Cross, and walk his last Peregrination. For Holy Writ informs us, that Malefactors among the *Jews* carried

carried the Cross, whereon they were to be crucified, to the place of Execution. Christ for the first Stage carried his own, which afterward with a cruel requital bore him.

12. Would not so nefarious a death expiate so small a crime, so slenderly proved, have fed their meager Appetites even to Satiety, but there must be added to it a Ceremonious Mockery (*Bellerophon* like) bear the Warrant signed for his own Destruction, embrace that Altar on which he presently shall be offered up a Victim.

Isaac carried his own Funeral Pile to the Mountain where he was to be sacrificed, but had a timely Reprieve by an Exchange from Heaven. It fared not so with Christ. He was so far from escaping that sharp potion the Hand of God had imbibtered, that, before
he

he came to receive his grand Tortures, his whole Body was one main Wound, without the least Parenthesis of Soundness. Never such Indications of Love.

Cernitur in toto corpore sculptus amor.

13. Every where Engravements and Sculptures the indelible Characters of his superabounding Mercies.

In horribili stat cruce nostra salus.

And now is this our immolation laid on the Altar of the Cross: and that Man should not surfeit to damnation by eating the fruit of *Eden*, Christ climbed that accursed Tree, which bears nothing but bitter and deadly Fruit; so inexpressive, as *Cicero* undertook not (lest he should spill colours) to decipher the Tortures of the Cross; else would not
his

his exuberant Style have quitted a Subject so abounding with so few words. *Quid dicam in crucem tollere?* A bloody Tragedy must needs ensue where the Devil digests the Plot, and the High-Priests, Scribes and Elders are the chief Actors in it; the avenging God letting loose, and unmuzzling the whole powers of Hell.

14. Certainly those Fiends could not so soon forget the many Affronts put on their Delegates by our Saviour, as being thrown out of their possession of Men, and glad to be humble Petitioners to have admittance into a Herd of Swine (too good a dwelling for such unruly Guests.) Where we may observe, that though they at present could not disgorge their full swollen malice, yet, to shew how ill they resented this disgraceful expulsion, threw a whole Herd of Swine into the bottom of the Sea, to provoke the

the greedy *Gadarens* to desire our Saviour (as the Author of that Loss) to depart out of their Coasts. No marvel the Prince of Darkness endeavoured to cloud this bright Star of the East, proclaimed open War against the Prince of Peace. But that his Companions in the flesh, what's more, the terrours of his Father should set them in array against him! 'Twill not then misbecome this man of sorrows, in the height of his dolorous passion, to break forth into this bitter Complaint, to upbraid those unrelenting Passengers with this (though too mild) exprobaton. *Have ye no regard all ye that pass by? Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, &c.*

15. Our Saviour's naked Body hanging now on the Cross, modesty for a while bids me draw the Curtain; and if you look back you will

will see greater things than these: for we have as yet but walked the round, and at a distance taken a slight survey of the out-lines of this great Peice of sorrow; but if we make a nearer approach, we shall find the inmost and more sensitive parts sending forth deeper Groans, louder Outcries.

There was *Pæna animi*, as well as *Pæna corporis*: And a wounded spirit who can bear? Else would he not have cryed out, and that with so loud a voice, before his remorseless Enemies (whose proud rejoicings were the eccho's of his Sighs and Groans) *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* The repetition of [*God*] shewed the vehemency of his Passion, as if he felt himself wounded with God's wrath, and abandon'd of his own Father for our sins: our impieties carved greater wounds in his disconsolate soul than those of his Body; his

his Feet and Hands were but once nailed to the Cross, but his Soul-piercing Wounds forced a continued Distillation: for every levity he paid a Groan, and the least sentiment of sin cost him a sob, a tear.

16. If Christ paid so costly a rate for our Peccadillo's, our Venial Sins, it must be keener than a two edged Sword, more loathsome than the baneful juice of *Aconite*, to see the Borish *Gergasites* prefer the saving of their Swine before the imparadising their souls; the Buyers and Sellers in the Temple pollute so sacred a place rather than lose a convenient Exchange for their Merchandise. Could any sorrow be like unto his sorrow to find Unbelief, a Disease so Epidemical, and in his own Country, where so near a Relation should have at least paid him equal respect with remoter parts, there to have his Pedigree scornfully rip'd up, *Is not this*
 I she

the Carpenter's Son? As if God (who measureth not as man doth in deceitful Ballances) were a respecter of persons, or he that fabricked this admired *Machine* without matter, could not Royalize with a Commission the abjects of the people to act his high Commands, or (to use the Apostles Phrase) *make known the riches of his Glory on the Vessels of his Mercy.*

H. I. Could any sorrow be like unto his sorrow, to hear *Peter* (that great Corner-stone) who had so solemnly promised to wear his Master's Cognizance (even to death) to discard him when his greatest extremity challenged his best and stoutest observance, not once, but thrice, heightened with direful Oaths, and horrid Execrations, and that to a silly Maid, in the presence of his Lord & Master, and obstinately persist in it, till the Warning-piece went off the third time, and shot remorse

morse into him? Could any sorrow be like unto his sorrow, to see the Holy City *Ferusalem* (the Metropolis of *Fewry*) with its Glorious Temple, now the beauty of Nations, ere long to suffer such a Dilapidation, as not to have one Stone stand upon another, making good what was sung at the Funerals of another Sceptred City;

Ruit Ilium & ingens gloria Teucrorum.

2. When *Hector*, Captain of *Troy*, was despoiled of his life, the *Trojans* and their City became a Prey to the Neighbouring Nations: so soon as those Regicides destroyed their Native Prince, the Roman General both conquered and crucified them. *In vertigem ipsius recurrit perniciēs.* Our just God making the hands of Heathens instrumental to vindicate the cause of

Heaven. Could any sorrow be like unto his sorrow, to see himself every where bespattered with bitter *Sarcasms*, who should have been *Delicia generis humani* (the Honour of the Emperor *Titus*) and a Murderer reprieved; one that destroyed the living, before their Christ who had raised the dead?

3. Could any sorrow be like unto his sorrow, to see the seduced Populacy (who should have been so bold in the cause of their salvation, as to have vyed tears with the drops of his most precious Blood, tun'd their Sighs and Groans, to the loud tenor of his Out-cryes, and rivings of his Soul) carelessly pass by shaking their Heads? To see those Rabbies, the Scribes and Doctors, so far from applying a Sovereign Cure to their tainted Souls, that unless he would shew them another Miracle by an immediate descending from the Cross, they

they would not believe? As if all those mighty Works he had already shown, and fame had brought home from remoter parts, were clean forgot. Could any sorrow be like unto his sorrow, to see his Kinsfolks and Familiars stand afar off, and made so unfit to pay a full Tribute of Commiseration, as that they could not with safety own a clouded Countenance?

4. If he eat with *Zacheus* he is accounted a Friend to Publicans and Sinners: there they unawares speak truth, for he seeks their Conversion; *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* If on the Sabbath he cures the diseased, and gives them a Reprieve to complete their Calcule for that great and general *Audit*, 'tis a breach of the Law of *Moses*. If he speaks mystically to them (by wresting it to their own sense,) form it into mat-

fer of Accufation. When the *Tyrans* and *Sydonians* heard the Harangue of *Herod* the King, they raifed their Notes to the higheft Acclamations, ftyling it *The voice of God, and not of man*: But if Chrift embroider his Speech with Tropes and Figures, though never man fpake as he fpake, his Friends fay, *He is mad*, his Enemies cry out, *He hath a Devil*. *O quæ mentis acerba mæftitudo?* But why fhould we wade farther in this, fince we are no more able to fathom the depth of his fufferings, either of Soul or Body, than *S. Auguftin's* Child could lave out the immense Ocean with a little Spoon.

5. Some will fay much may be undergone in good company; but for Chrift (who before he affumed this Body of Flefh, was a companion to the great and mighty *Fe-hovah*, and well might be fo, when there was an equality of Greatnefs,

Greatness, waited on by Myriads of Saints and Angels) now to be placed between two Thieves, two notorious Delinquents, could not but mount his thoughts to the summit of sorrow. That *Virtue* is seated betwixt two Evils is a Maxim undeniable, since 'tis so notably verified by our Saviour's hanging on the Cross between two Malefactors (likely companions are these then for extenuating miseries, when their natures admit of such perfect contrarieties, as good and evil in their several Abstracts) who there, instead of an ingenious Confession, revile their Fellow-Sufferer Christ Jesus with this tart Satyr, *If thou beest the Son of God save thy self and us.*

6. A strange Object had they found out for their scorn and derision, who was wholly composed of Meekness and Gentleness; but a stranger time had they made use of

to vent it in, when death had them on his Shoulders: but the one of them (to the wonderful demonstration of the readiness, and prevalency of his Mercies) presently turn'd Convert, reproving his Companion; *Fearest thou not God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?* And in the nick of time (while the Iron of Contrition was hot) hammered out a well form'd Petition; *Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.* Words fitly spoken, hanging like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver.

7. They needed not have made so curious a scrutiny for new fashion'd punishments to afflict him,

— *Qui pœnis occurrit atrocibus ultro.*

For when Vinegar mingled with Mirrh and Gall, was proffered him to drink (a favour bestowed on
such

such at their Crucifixion, to open the Veins, and so accelerate death) Christ would not drink, lest he should marr the whole Tragedy, by failing in the last Scene. Good God! if these be the Favours Man deals to Man, let me receive my Favours from thine own hands. From the first putting on the Swadling Clouts of Flesh, he had yielded most acceptable Sacrifices of perfect Obedience to his Father: and therefore the horror of the last three Hours Suffering should not make him sound a cowardly Retreat, and so frustrate the Decrees, and preordain'd Resolves of the Almighty. *Perdidit vitam, nè perderet obedientiam.* He would give up his life, rather than make forfeiture of his obedience.

8. Unless we go beyond nature for a search, the fire of the hottest Revenge will expire, when it hath the Blood of its Adversary sprinkled

led on it. But their malice rebated not with his death, but had a continuation to his Body after his high flying Soul had journied as far as Heaven; else would they not have defaced that incomparable piece of Building (glorious in it self, but more glorious in being the Sphere for this Son of God to move in) by thrusting a Spear into his Virgin Side, for Blood and Water to stream forth, too too precious to be spilt on the Ground of that most accursed Country.

9. *Timanthes* a Grecian Painter, when he was to resemble the doleful Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, drew a sad *Ajax*, a mournful *Ulysses*, but the Face of *Agamemnon*, the Father, he veiled with a sable Curtain, as not knowing how to decipher so great a sorrow. So we may content our selves to have delineated the Bewailings of his Disciples, that received the glorious Impress

Impress of his Doctrine, the inward sighs and bitter Lamentations of his Friends and Kinsfolks. But instead of shewing you his wounded soul, stabbed with our sins, his tortured Body, such Throws so unexpressive, such pangs so unsufferable, something should be interposed betwixt your sight and it, lest out of a zeal to draw that to the life, we take from the State, and Majesty of so true a sorrow.

10. As the Fore-runner to the sad Catastrophe of an Heroick Potentate, a blazing Comet prodigiously shakes his flaming Beard, as if it threatned to fire the lower Region to light him at his Funeral: But at so great and terrible a Massacre of him, who could bind such Kings in Chains, and their Nobles with Links of Iron, could the Sun, that shone but at his courtesie do less than withdraw his Beams, lest it hold the Candle, whilst such
horrid

horrid Assassination was perpetrated on the Son of God? Or the Earth, his Foot-stool, to fall into a Trepidation, while it bore such unnatural Inhabitants, that (Viper-like) would tear out the Bowels of him, who brought Bowels of Mercy and Compassion to their languishing and Bed-ridden Souls? Since Christ should be no more preached in the Temple, but polluted with Buyers and Sellers, rent it self in twain from the top to the bottom, the Stones clave asunder, and in their inarticulate Oratory bespake their accursed ruine, and our insensibility. The Allarm so great that the dead who had long slept, awaked, as if they arose to present him their Tombs. Every thing full of prodigy and wonder. The great Luminary of Heaven suffers an Eclipse, though the Moon, not then in conjunction, but full, to the admiration of *Dionysius*; *Aut Deus*

natura

*natura patitur, aut mundi machina
dissolvetur.* All things in that dis-
order, as if nature were distracted,
and every thing ran back to its first
Confusion.

11. Thus we see, Sun, Earth, Tem-
ple, Stones, which are the insensi-
ble servants of Man, by their sever-
al unaccustomed Mutations, seem
to have a quicker resentment of his
sufferings than man, who alone is
concerned without any Corrivall.

By this time devout *Joseph* hath
begged the Body of Jesus, and
(though a rich man) ventured to
shew his affection to him living, in
a decent interment of him dead.
While his charitable hands are
throwing on fragrant Spices, and
rich scented Odours, let us a little
look back on that great Attribute of
God (his *Justice*) that which here
occasion'd our attendance on this sad
and solemn Obsequy.

12. Those Pieces must needs be
well

well limn'd, that have the hand and care of the best Artist to figure them. *Adam* is here drawn to the life, for he is stiled the Image of his Maker ; his Soul of no Elementary Substance , but the Breath of God. And this Epitome of the Creation, prelated so high above all Creatures, as they to hold in Villenage under him : and for this, exacts he but an observance to one single command ; the Command high and peremptory , upon the pains of Death ; the temptation languid, and faint, commended by a Serpent.

13. That he, that is thought to exceed his Successors in wisdom, and had the precipitation of the Angels, the wrackings of those glorious Vessels, as in a mirrour figured to his understanding, should (by so soon affronting his Maker) split that Ark that carried the whole fortune of Mankind, and afterwards
give

give the lye to his Omnisceiency, and essential Ubiquity, by shrowding himself in the close Walks of the Garden (as if God wanted a Clue to the *Maanders* of his own planting ; or one Tree could repair what the other lost, shelter him from the imminent Storms of Heaven ; or that there were an Opacity in those Glorious Opticks, who could see through the dark and disorder'd Chaos, to model and rank things into a beautiful Order) and in his Epostulation aggravate this sin by a seeming extenuation ; *The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat :* (As if God had laid the Scene for his Transgression) *If I had been alone, steered my own course, I had not thus offended,* Strengthens this Bill of Indictment drawn up against him, and calls for Justice to avenge it. O Lord, how shall we fulfil the whole Law, when *Adam* in his brightest

brightest integrity, but newly dropt from the hand of his Maker, could not observe this poor Particle of it? The Spark that flies the Fire that fed it shall be put out. If we refuse the allowed Deficiencies of Paradise, nauseate the Cates of his own planting, we shall earn our Bread with the Sweat of our Brows. Since we dislike to equal the days of Heaven, we shall die like Men, die eternal deaths, if not expiated by the Crucifixion of the Holy Jesus.

14. As our Impieties are transcendent, so will his Justice be elevated to the same height. Our Sacrifices must be adequate to the multiplicity of our Transgressions. Could man, by exposing his own life to the fatal stroke of death, satisfy for his own offences, his debt were quickly paid, and Heaven with all its Glories purchased at an easie rate. But the only wise God
well

well knew that the whole world of flesh, though it had as many worlds as this hath Men, and all to endure the exquisitest deaths the most ingenious Tormenters could inflict, would not take off the interest of our Engagements, no, not expiate the crimes of one days offending. Let us not therefore think we are hardly dealt withal; because God would not remit any thing of a due debt, but forbear giving up our Verdict, till we sweeten our censures with the ensuing Mercies, which is that that next presents it self.

15. As the Mercies of God are above all his Works, so is this Mercy of his, in sacrificing his only Son, Paramount above all his other Mercies. For since Hecatombs of beasts could not appease the wrath of God, but that we must enjoy the blackness of Hell for our demerit, he freely bestowed on us his
beloved

beloved Son, to live miserably among those which gave him such untoward welcome, to pass through such an agony as should make him sweat Blood, Tears of Blood; to die a cursed death, such a death, such a sorrow, that none but himself could endure, no Tongue but an Angels can relate.

16. Friendship is never so truly beautified, at no time so gorgeously set forth, as when, like a ready Handmaid, it waits upon the greatest indigency. God was, and is, that true Friend to us. He saw how near we fate to the Margent of Hell, how the Devil stood in Ambuscado with dilated Arms, ready upon our first tripping to lay hold on us, our own imbecillity to resist the Attack; then sent he one that would not be soiled, should rescue us out of the Regions of Darknes, though with the unavoidable loss of his own most precious Blood. Ungrateful
Man,

Man, though he hath defaced the Image of his Maker, disrobed himself of all his Glories, yet would not God that he should die eternally, as is most eminently seen in this his one mercy.

As it was a mercy in God in being this way satisfied for our Offences, so was it as great a mercy in Christ to lay down his life: for he did it spontaneously, and without compulsion; his Passion being wholly in compassion to those,

*Qui mortem insonti possent imponere
Christo.*

I. I. No man taketh my life from me, but I have power to lay down my life, & I have power to take it up again. That he that was God, and is God, should die, is man's wonder: but that he, who could draw forth more than twelve Legions of Angels in warlike Equipage to his Rescue (when one

single Angel proved sufficient to slay one hundred and eighty five thousand armed Men in one night) would die most readily, lay down his life, rears that wonder a degree higher. But that this Son of God (whose Soul was so Crystalline, whose whole life more innocent than the Seraphical thoughts of expiring Saints) would prodigally pour forth his most precious Blood to bath and cleanse our Leprosie, is an exaltation of that.

2. It shall be upon record, as an high peice of merit, if one man lay down the Treasures of his own life to cancel the exacted debt of of his Friend.

— *Subeuntem fata mariti*
Alcesten. —

Alcester reprieved her Husband *Admetus* with the loss of her own life. *Maccenas*, a noble *Theban*, embraced

embraced death to restore life to his Captive Country. *Calphurnia*, the Daughter of *Marius*, was by him sacrificed in the *Cimbrick* War. History is replete with blazoning Græcian and Roman Worthies, who have disvalued their own lives, when in competition with the safety and honour of their Country. This had a limitation to their Friends, to their distressed Country, yet it entitled them to be seated in the hallowed *Pantheon*, enrolled among the Gods, to have Tombs and Statues, built to perpetuate their memory to futurity. But Christ's love was universal, it had the essential property of good, it was *sui diffusivum*, it extended to the whole Universe, to those that despitefully used him. In the Abyss of his Passion, in the throws of his most compungent sufferings, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. There could be no ends in Christ,

no accumulating of Glories, in whom dwelt the Fulness of the God-head bodily.

3. The insuperable and transcendent love of Christ is every where legible and conspicuous. Let us fashion returns of Gratitude in the greater Odium to our Deviations, that cost him so many pains, so many sorrows; making that pious resolution of *S. Bernard* our own, *Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cum te video vulneratum*: As long as we hear thy Wounds, as so many Mouths, crying out upon the cruelty of our Aberrations, we will not live without a throbbing Soul, a wounded Spirit. He had days of Humiliation for our Festivals, sorrowing for our rejoycing; drank Vinegar mingled with Gall for our Carousing; for our Purple and fine Linnen he wore a Robe of Mockery, and that spat on, and defiled; was scourged for our wantonizing;

tonizing; macerated his own Body, to pull down the excreffency of ours, over-grown with a repletion of Luxury; crowned with Thorns to obtain for us a Crown of Righteousness, that he might throw to us the Donatives of Everlasting Life. And after all this (as if his Endearedness to us had been hitherto unexpressive) ascended the Cross, that by that Ladder we may scale Heaven, and for our prize have the Fellowship of Saints and Angels for ever.

4. Thus we have seen God's Justice, and Mercy run parallel. His Justice must keep us to that severe awe, and perfect Obedience, that presumption get no footing in our hearts; not so much as an Out-work, whereby it may at any time surprise the main Fort. His mercy must teach us not to despair of his seasonable relieving us; though our Sins are the black Curtain

drawn between the light of his glorious Countenance and us, so that we are almost dried up, and withered, yet, at the least appearance of our Humiliation, he will shed some Gleams, dart a Bay of Favour upon our drooping Souls.

5. An abused patience amongst most men transforms it self into a fiery indignation. What greater motives for God to destroy the interest we have in his favour, than our disdain and ingratitude. The Israelites after they had once received from the hand of God Livery and Seizin of the Land of *Canaan*, and by that had a confirmation of the validity of his Promises, they so soon forgot the exuberant mercies of the Lord, that he presently seised on their large Charter of Liberty, and gave them into the hands of Tyrants. Christ when he had once peiced the rich Robes of the Deity to the rags of flesh,
soon

soon found us sick even to death, our wounds gangreen'd, and nothing could restore them but his own Blood. *Medicabile Nardum*, rich Spikenard, precious Ointment; he searched into our sores, wiped off those venomous pollutions we had attracted from the Loins of our first Parents, made us sound men, left us his Antidotes, Instructions to continue sound Christians. But we must not like an over-confident Prodigal, who hath his first Debts strook off from his Friends hopeful amendment, continue his unthriftiness, presuming to find their favour as prolifical as at first. *Debet amor laesus irasci*. Love once abused changes its smiles into frowns.

6. God will not be mocked; he hath a Rod of Iron in his Hand, which he will not always brandish over us, but when we provoke his wrath he will strike home. *Tarditatem*

ditatem ira gravitate supplicii compensabit (saith *Lactantius*.) Though God doth not present execution, yet when he is pleased to scourge us, he will recompense the slowness with the weight and grievousness of our Chastisements.

Then when God is angry who can stand before his wrath, or abide the fierceness of his displeasure? his wrath is poured out like fire, and the Rocks are broken by him.

7. Because the Almighty hath hitherto given us a Life-Guard of Angels, that therefore he will continue the same protection to us (however we demean our selves) is an argument built wholly upon fallacy. The distance is many times great betwixt his Will and Power. Twere easie for God to make the Black Guard of Satan splendid Courtiers in Heaven, transplant all the fiery Legions of Hell into Paradise,

dise, hallow and sanctifie all their Profanations, transforming them into glorious Angels of Light, and instead of howling and shrieking, make them perfect Choristers to sing Anthems in the Celestial Quire. But that God will have his Justice go an even pace with his mercy; they to be tormentors for sinning, we to be tormented by them for offending.

8. But let it not be with us as in unsound Bodies, the expelling of one Disease the making room for another, which may be as obnoxious as the first; instead of a too confident relying upon the mercies of God, and our own worthiness, to fall upon its contrary evil, a despairing of the sufficiency of his promises. From the last, a Rock equally as dangerous as the first, should be our care to waite our weather-beaten Vessels, when we have almost steered into safe Harbour.

We

We cannot figure any thing of the inward and distant Lights of the upper Region, without the assistance of a *Telescope*. But God, with a Glance swifter than Lightning, darts through all the Figleaves of our pretensions sooner than thought; threds the Maze and Labyrinths of all our Hearts: Then must he needs give a *veritatem dixisti* to Moses, *Our Imaginations are evil, and that continually*. As soon as we shake off the Fetters of the Womb we are froward, repining at our Maker's dealing with us, who might have moulded us into Monsters. As soon as we draw breath we draw in sin, and that with Greediness. But let not this anatomizing our contagious Souls startle us, or fill us with conceit, that therefore we shall utterly perish; for if we were destined to damnation, then were our Creation no happiness, but a curse.

9. If we timely take up, God will let light into that gloomy darkness that envelops us, disperse those full ~~black~~ Clouds of his Wrath, that they break not on us. He is not an inexorable Judge: his stock of mercy is as replete as ours of sins. The Thief on the Cross deferred his repentance till the last moment (when we are sure he had not time to make long Prayers) yet did out-run many who all their life rode post to Heaven, and gave in his *Bene discessit* the same day the Son of God entred into his Glory. If after all the abominations of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*, *Abraham* could have found out but ten righteous persons in those Regal Cities, God would have stopped the Viols of his Wrath from being poured out upon them. A strange discouraging Lottery, where so many thousand Blanks may be drawn, before the Hand of God can

can light upon one prize. Here might we enumerate the mercies of God, and for want of numbers leave them numberless. Surely this would have more puzzled *Archimedes's* Arithmetick, than the Sands of the Sea he proudly vaunted he could give a number to.

10. 'Twas a mercy in God to midwife us from the dark Prison of the Womb, which otherwise would have been to us a putrid Grave. 'Twas a greater mercy in preserving us till we arrive at a ripeness of Knowledge, that we may consider our admirable making, with the wonderful Architecture of the Universe. But a greater mercy than that is the possessing our Souls with the saving knowledge of his Word, which is a Lantern to our Feet, and serves as a Pale, and Fence, to keep in the depraved mind of man from breaking out into all Enormities. Where,
for

for our greater Regulement, we may see as clear, as if painted by a Sun-beam, the Sufferings of the Primitive Saints, and God supporting them to hold out the Conflict to the end, without Apostacy; and likewise his Justice severely executed on those, that presumptuously spurn at his Ordinances, and despise his rich mercies.

11. But his mercy of mercies, and greatest of all mercies, is, that of sending his only Son, who was equal to the Father, and the Holy Ghost in Majesty and Honour, to have sorrow, such a sorrow as should make him so dolorously complain to all those that passed by. To die, to die such a death as should make him so passionately cry out to his Father, as if he had suffered the height of God's Anger (his Dereliction) and all to exorcise us of sin, and Satan; ransom us out of a Land darker than darkness it self, that

that we may be elated into the highest Heaven, where we shall be as far above the Sphere the Sun moves in, as we are now below it.

12. And that great and terrible *Jehovah*, whom we durst not name without a venerable prostration, whose clarity we cannot here behold, but through a Glass darkly, by reflected Beams, there see face to face, know him as we are known, accompanying Saints, Angels, Cherubims, and Seraphims, in singing Praises to that great God; where Sorrow shall know no Beginning, Bliss no Ending.

ESSAY

ESSAY IV.

I. 13. *De Passione Christi
in Corpore mystico, seu
de cruce piorum.*

2 CORINTH. 4. 17.

For our light affliction, which is
but for a moment, worketh for
us a far more exceeding and e-
ternal weight of glory.

TIs a Canon drawn up in the
Colledge of Heaven, that
through the Ordeal Fires
of Adversity the Saints enter the
Regions of Blessedness. 'Tis fan-
L cied

cied by the Poet, that *Aeneas* passed through strange and uncouth places, had much of horror and trepidation before he reached the Elysian Plains. We must sail through this *Fretum*, pass these Straits before we lanch out into the Ocean of endless Beatitudes.

14. We must scale these rugged *Alpes* before we make our *Intrado* into the *Campania* of future Glory. There is no *Galaxias*, no *Appian* way to Heaven; 'tis not *Lapidibus complanata*. And this every where proved to us by the Footings and Tracings of many imparadised Saints; some to the Theatres to be baited with wild Beasts, as *Ignatius*; some to the Fire, as *Polycarp*; some to the scalding Baths, as *Phocas* Bishop of *Pontus*; others to the Scaffold, as *Saint Paul*; every place tinctured with the Blood of Martyrs, the Prison in *Ferusalem*, the Cradles in *Bethlehem*. But their
Race

Race is run, they have finished their Tragedy with a glorious *Exit*, with the *Plaudite* of God and Angels.

Some say the Lilies have no other Seed than their own Tears. We are sure the Church hath no better Seed than the Blood of her Martyrs. It is a goodness we are not to thank our Enemies for. That which is intended for an utter extirpation, proves our best preservative.

15. Our Bodies keep the sounder for their Phlebotomy. The more they trample on us, the higher we rise: *Anteus* like, we gather strength by our fall. This emboldened *Tertullian* to tell the Blood-shot-eyed persons of his time, that their persecutions did but open the Sally-port to God's distressed people. *Plutarch* reports how that *Prometheus* stroke his Enemy with an intent to destroy the object of

his hatred, but instead of cutting the Thread of his Life, spun it out to a greater length; prob'd a hidden wound, lanced a concealed Imposthume, which otherwise had proved fatal. Here is the true Sword Salve which both wounds and heals. O lovely Sore, when the Heavenly *Æsculapius* puts on the Plaister: O happy wound, that worketh so glorious a restoration. He that beholds the Wrackings and Tortures of the Saints and Servants of God, without faith to look upon the Crown their Saviour is weaving to adorn their Temples with, or to conceive the Caresses and Exultancies their Souls make in the midst of their Agonies, will behold them with much inquietude and astonishment.

16. 'Tis the contemplation of the Joys of Heaven that buoys our Souls, that they sink not in this black Sea. Through that *Medium* they

thy not only look into Heaven, but *Paradisum mente deambulant*. See but the Bead-roll of S. Paul's Sufferings; read but the Bill of Fare he draws you of a perturbed life, you would think he might make the greatest Holy-Day. *Magnum aliquid spectat*. Sure there was some immense thing he looked after, that kept him from Swoons and Faintings, that alleviated the sorrow and anguish of his soul: and here he gives us of the refection, assures us our affliction is but light, and, which makes it inconsiderable, it is but for a moment.

Philosophy tells us, that the worlds chief materials are Food and Raiment, the rest is *Nugatorium quiddam*, whose absence may be dispensed withal; and therefore, if the chosen of God want the Redundancies of an exuberant Fortune, we cannot say their life is leavened with sorrow and discomfort.

K. 1. If we anatomize man in his Umbrage, his mendicant Condition, we shall not find him so pared to the quick, but that he may rival with him whom fortune hath aspected. *Zeno Citiensis* lost all his Goods in a storm. This which would have made foul weather, raised a *Hirrecan* in anothers Breast, he not only receives in a calm and serene temper, but counts it a Blessing from the Gods that they had given him liberty to study Philosophy. 'Tis not the thing it self that hath any intrinsical worth to ennoble our condition, but our manner of receiving it, the value we set on it. *Paul* the Hermites Coat was as gorgeous in his Eye, as if vested with a *Persian* Robe. And *Fohn Baptists* Locusts and wild Honey tasted as sweetly, as if he had feasted at the Table of *Apicius* or *Lucullus*. *Dio-genes* Earthen Platter, and the Roman Senators Dishes of Clay, were

as useful as if molded of *China* Earth, or imbossed with Gold. The purling Water tasted as deliciously out of those courser Goblets, as dissolved Pearls drank out of Cups of Agate and Crystal by the riotous *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. And if we respect fame, *Epaminondas* and *Fabrizius* are transmitted to posterity with as many Asterisques of Honour as that wealthy *Craffus*; their contented poverty studding and enamelling their best Perfections.

2. Let our condition be never so abject, so necessitous, we have no reason to obnubilate the Sun of his Favour with the least interposition of distrust: for Heavens great Almoner many times gives us a measure brim full, pours out the over-flowings of his Love, and that when all humane help is at a loss, and impossibility of self-preservation. Where could the Israelites have found out mate-

rials for the cutting out new Garments in their forty years sojourning in the Wilderness, if God had not miraculously minded their preservation? Sure no Workmanship so lasting as that which this great Architect fashions with his own hands: the Ground was too rude and churlish to give Viands to so many Guests, yet the Flesh-pots of *Egypt* could not equal the Dainties they ate in that barren Soil.

3. Sure the Banquet must be rich and bountiful, when this generous Dispensator furnishes the Table with Cates, fetched out of the Store-House of Heaven. And *Elijah* in his indigency had his Mefs brought him, one while by an Angel, another while by a Raven.

We have not yet seen any Gorgon Faces to affright us, and though we are led into darker Rooms, yet the Damps will not be so great as to
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make our Tapers burn blew. To be sentenced to the *Athenian Ostracism*, denyed to breath the Air that suckled us, torn from the society of Friends and Acquaintance, snatch'd from the dear Embraces of an indulgent Wife, to hear the Cries and Heart-breakings of a tender Off-spring; or, like disconsolate *Niobe*, see them slain in our own sight. We might think this to be calculated for the Meridian of Sorrow; yet it is a Grief that may be very well supported with the Contemplation of what is yet left us. And if this be not Cordial Operative enough, consider that in Heaven we shall not be erratick, but Stars fixed in the Firmament of Glory; not irradiated with a borrowed lustre, but perpetually enlightened with the presence of God himself.

A. *Plato* never reckoned himself destitute of Company as long

as he had the conversation and freedom of his own thoughts, never banisht his Countrey when he had the same Elements for sustentation, the same Luminaries to give him light and warmth. They may erase our Palaces, dissparkle our riches, strip us of all the world calls beautiful, because we are here but Tenants at will; but that which we hold by a second life is a *Building not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.* They may dilacerate our Bodies with unaccustomed Torments, undress them of natures chiefest imbellishments, yet they cannot disrobe our Consciences of their white Vestments, extinguish those bright flames which (like *Elias's* Chariot) coaches us up to Heaven.

bo 5. *If they banish me (saith Brutus) they cannot forbid to carry with me my Vertues.* They are Crown-Jewels that must not be fingered,

no ravenous hand may embezzle. Though Detraction blurs our Honour with her fowr Breath, makes putrid the sweet Ointment of a good name; though our *Statuas* are thrown out of the *Capitol*, and hung up by the Heels in the *Forum*; though our names are blotted out of their Records and Annals of fame, registred only with scorn and imbasement, God permits it, that from this obscurity, out of this lowness of Fortune, he may do himself the more honour, shew the excellency of his power by mounting us on a higher Throne, drawing the Rays of our Glory to a brighter Lustre. Historians every where shew us many brave men, as well Heathens as Christians (who had no other fault but too much merited of their Country) that have been paid with scorn and ingratitude, nay, with Proscription; and afterwards, with
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the consent & applause of those very Persecuters, have thrown off the Mantles and Coverings of Darkness and Obscurity, and like the Sun after an interposition, appeared all Glorious.

6. God seldom remunerates his Servants here with a temporary felicity. Some indeed have been crown'd with Rose-Buds, have let no Flower of the Spring pass by them. Though *Mordecai*, a Captive, was invested with the Royal Robes, and rode upon the King's Horse, yet others have gone on foot, and not a seeming Gourd to refresh them, but so as he comforts and keeps vivid the Vitals with his Spirits and Extracts, distilled through that glorious Limbeck, *Paul* the Apostle: *We may be troubled on every side, but not distressed, perplexed, but not in despair, persecuted, but not forsaken.* God hath Balsom for every Wound, a Plaister for every Sore, and
though

though he dress it not while it is green and fresh, yet he will make his applications before it fester.

What though God suffer an Executioner to lay violent hands upon thee, he cannot go a step beyond death; he does but antedate the work of a Disease, the difference only is, a nefarious hand presently storns the body, and a malady takes it in by a longer Siege: few drop like a wasted Taper in the Socket, but some violent wind puts it out, some sharp Disease is the extinguisher, and the Conflicts and Colluctations that such have with death adequate the throws of a more hasty Transition. So that it matters not whether we die *Sicca*, or *humida morte*; whether we are burnt with a quick fire at the stake, or a lingring one of a Fever; whether we are thrown into the *Tiber*, or drowned at home with a Dropsie; whether starved in a Prison, or shrivelled

shrivelled in our Chamber with a Consumption.

7. Since God hath a Statute upon our Bodies, *It being appointed for all men once to die*: and that we cannot be removed from our Troubles of Life but by death, then the shortest way must needs be the best. 'Tis a poor thrift to put a Save-all into our Farthing Candle, to be angry because the thred of nature is broken before she has time to wind off the whole bottom. Though the eye of *Moses* was not dim, nor his natural force abated, yet when God bade him, *Go up and die*, he readily quitted his own command, went up to the top of *Pisgah*, and died. The Primitive Christians set so great an estimate upon the days of their death, that they called them *Natalles*. Then they only began their *Epocha* of living: the world was but before in labour with them, and death was the Midwife to give them a Nativity.

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8. Certainly could we but hear the Transports of a refined Soul singing an *Obit* to the world, preparing her Heavenly *Viaticum*, it would have a strange charm, awake our Poppy Souls, and infuse into them raptures of joy and exultation unexpressive; or if fabricated according to the Model of that Philosopher, who would have a Window in the Breast of every man, we might see a strange Festivity within him, not a Cloud in that Hemisphere. What more lovely than the wounds of *Sebastian* (though drawn with a rugged Pencil)? Those feathered Arrows winged him for an Heavenly Flight. Does not a Martyr amidst his Flames shew like the Sun encircled with Rays of Glory? And *S. Stephen*, when brought before the Council, appeared not with pallor & dejection (like a Malefactor that looks half executed before the doom

doom be past) but so Seraphical, that the Judges saw his face, as though it had been the face of an Angel. When a Saint hath been mounting a Scaffold, have we not been big with conceit by those few Stairs he was ascending a Throne; that it was his *Jacobs* Ladder that raised him up to Heaven?

9. He must needs make a boon Voyage, that in so little a time is set on the shore of eternity, with so few steps is carried from earth to Heaven.

Let not then any thing startle us, though vizarded with loathsomeness and deformity, nor be terrified, though we change life for death (with that brave Theban *Epaminondas*) so the Victory may be glorious. It is God's care (and who would not almost love his Disease for such a Physician (many times to use Corrosives to the Body, that the Soul may have her Lenitives; punish

punish the worser part, that the better may be preserved. To a mortal man there can be no immortality of evil, man himself hath but a short period; his life compared to things of the least duration. And yet they that acted the most tragical parts (no doubt) had some Interludes and Recesses. It was not long that *Joseph* lay in prison, nor *Job* on the Dunghil, nor *Feremy* in the Dungeon. Others have put on Mourning for a longer term, but they also had a time to shift their Sables. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

10. It is against the Rules of a Tragedy to have every Scene filled with Blood-shed and Slaughter. A strange distempered Season if the Heavens should continually be hung with black; as strange if we always sate in darkness, that the Sun did not sometimes peep through our cloud of Adversity. Though
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it enlighten not the whole Body, yet it may guild the Fringes and Borders of it; gives us, though not a glorious light, yet sufficient to keep our dying spark alive. But against all partiality, it must appear strangely short, if compared to the never terminating pains of the Fiends below, where the Worm never dieth, nor the Fire ever goeth out. It is observed by *Boetius*, That a *punctum* of time, and ten thousand years hold better proportion than so many years, and that endless thing Eternity. *Aeternum, aeternum, quanta haec duratio, quanta!* How much horror and amazement should the consideration of it bring to them that barter for a present felicity, a few transient Glimmerings, so much horror and confusion; where they shall spend *morientem vitam*, be always dying, and yet never die; not one drop of Water shall be cast
into

into the Furnace to slack their Flames, not one spark of Fire shall warm these refrigerating Waters: and to heighten the wonder, contraries shall dwell together without any destructive clashing. Lamentable is the cry of the Prophet *Esay*, *Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting Burnings?*

11. Is it not then better to be cast down with sorrow for sin, than to be sunk so low, that we never rise again; to be clouded for a while, than over-cast for ever? *Melior est modica amaritudo in faucibus, quam aeternum tormentum in visceribus*: It is better to chew a little Gaul in our mouths, than to have Gripings in our Bowels, and Excoriations in our Souls, and that for ever: to drink a Jill of Wormwood, than to be perpetually intoxicated with the Cup of his fiery Indignation: to endure the heavi-

ness of a night, for the joy that cometh in the morning; a day that shall never be benighted, a day that shall not have so much as a Cloud to veil or curtain the Saints happiness.

12. It was answered by that famed Emperour *Vespasian* (when *Apollonius* desired admission for *Dion* and *Euphrates*, men eminently qualified) *My Gates stand always open to Philosophers, but my very Breast is open to Apollonius.* So the Gates of that Palace Royal of Heaven, that sure City of Refuge, are never shut against such as are beaten on the Anvil of Affliction for righteousness sake. But God receives these to a greater endearment, stretches their natures wider to receive a fuller measure of Glory, erects their Throne with more refined Gold, sets richer Jewels in their Crown, that ennoble their suffering with Patience and Glory
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in their Tribulation. Patience, it fans the holy fires of Love, throws perfumes into the flame, snuffs our Lamp, and makes it burn with a brighter clarity; like the Chymists Elixir, it turns all into incorruptible Gold, the Touchstone by which God tries his people whether they be Gold or a baser Metal.

13. The warlike Inhabitants of *Germany* plunged their Male Children in the *Rhene*, to discover by their boldness in struggling with the waters, their Courage or Cowardise. Our Heavenly Father casts us on the Waters of *Marah*, wrinkles the face of them with that tempestuous wind, *Euroclydon*, that troubled *Paul*, to see whether we would lighten our Ship of that Baggage Stuff she is freight with, whether we have courage to go on, or patience to endure, though we see neither Sun, nor Stars, for many days.

He that goeth to *Golgotha*, and seeth Martyrs and Malefactors sent to the immortality of another world, may easily make the difference, who suffers for demerit, and who for a good conscience. The one sings in his flames, the other howls; the one reproaches the Executioner, the other thanks him, and with that Proto-Martyr *Stephen* prays for him; the one, like a spent Meteor, stinks in his Socket, the other (like Aromatick Torches) perfumes the Air with odoriferous Evaporations, or a setting Sun that leaves an impression of Glory on the Neighbouring Clouds.

14. But to have heard the complaint of *Hadrian* sung in a soft tone, in a sadder Elegy; or to have seen the impatience of *Herod*, when wracked with an incurable Disease, but more distorted Conscience; or *Fulian* the Apostate, full of horror, and remediless despair;

spair; or *Nero*, when he crept into a Thicket of Reeds, for fear of dying *more majorum*. This sure (like *Bellbazzar's* Hand-writing) would have made loose the Joynts of his Loins, and his Knees to smite one against another. But the Saints of God they smile upon death, and torture, and good reason have they. *Mors non est obitus sed abitus*: Death is their Goal-delivery, gives them a Writ of Ease from all their Labours and Endurances; 'tis their Intrat to their Glories, and endless Beatitudes. *S. Jerom* saw but a little timidity in his Soul, some show of her unwillingness to leave her old Habitations, and presently he gives her the check; *Egredere, quid times anima mea, egredere, &c.*

15. We may with less reluctance traverse this *Alpian* way, because much plained with the footings of those that have gone before. If

Myriads of Saints marched in the van, and dared their Enemies to an Execution, shall it startle us to bring up the rear? No Victory without fighting, no Crown without Victory. We may be Spectators at the Olympick Games, carry a Crown to adorn anothers Triumph, but never wreath our own Brows, unless we get the Garland with striving. And who will not enter the Lists, when he is sure to carry away the prize? For God, with his Militia of Angels, attends the Combat, and enhaunceth the price of their Virtue, according to the vigorousness of the temptation they grapple with. If such had not their exemption from the effects of an angry God, whom the Lord hath styled, *A man after his own heart, the signet of his right hand, the friend of God, his Husbandry, his Building* (expressions of a strange endearedness) can we

we, that are but Shrubs and Brambles, think to have merited more of lenity than those Oaks of *Bashan*, those Cedars of *Lebanon*; those Columns of Piety and Godliness, that our services are of an higher strain than the Apostles and primitive Saints, and therefore he should lay his strokes the gentler on us.

16. Believe it, we have dipped our Sins in a far deeper Die, made them as red as Scarlet, rivalled the greatest Offender, and therefore our suffering can never make an expiatory Oblation. If God did perpetually flash his Lightnings, dart his Thunder-bolts, and knot his Rods (like the Whips of the Furies) with Serpents and Scorpions, yet the disproportion must be strangely great betwixt a finite suffering, and an infinite Majesty offended. 'Tis of singular advantage and encouragement to us in this War-fare, that Christ underwent the same pressures,

pressures, but ripened to a greater maturation: for he can tell (to a scruple) how much Freight we can take in, how many fathom of Water our Vessel draws ; so that he will be sure to unlade us, if the Burthen be too weighty, throw in to them some sweet Liquors, if the Waters taste too brackish.

L. I. It was a comfort to dying *Lazarus*, that he received his death from the great *Aeneas*. It matters not how many stripes we receive, how deep the wound, how disconsolate the Soul, since it is a Saviour that afflicts, who carries healing under his Wings: so much Blood and Sweat, so many Sighs and Sobs shall not become fruitless; but he will see the Work of our Redemption perfected. We are wounded, but that good *Samaritan* will have compassion, bind up our Sores, and pour Oil and Spikenard on them, that can settle and compose
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a distempered and sadden'd Soul, and sparkle our Countenance, as if we were putting on the Royal Habili-ments in the morning of our Resur-rection: *Dum dat verbera ostendit ubera.* God never bruises us, but he hath a Plaister ready spread, pearled Cordials to fetch back a de-parting life. 'Tis said the Stork lets out the corrupt Blood of her young ones, and then acts the Chy-rurgeon's part, closing up the Wound with her Tongue. *Thy Rod, and thy Staff, they comfort me;* both like loving Correlates attend each other.

2. It is a very great advance to a Cure, when our fancy builds a be-lief, that the means and applicati-ons us'd by our Physician will be prevalent to a repelling the Disease; then we yield our Bodies wholly to his disposal, and never dispute whe-ther he will phlebotomize, or use strong Purgations; whether he
scarrifies

scarifies the wound, or makes an incision. God, who is omniscient, knows best how to deal with his Patient. Emollient Medicines will not remove a Chronical Disease. 'Tis well if we can save the Body by cutting off one gangreen'd Joynt, by letting out a little discolored Blood, preserve the rest sanguine & sound.

Sure those Laws of the Romans (like *Draco's*) should have been writ in bloody Characters, where they invested the Parents with the power of life and death of their Wives and Children. *Fulvius* had not the denomination of cruel in doing execution upon his Son for confederating with *Catiline*. And *Titus Manlius* was thought rather favourable, than a severe Justicer, when he went no higher than to make his Son *Syllanus* a perpetual exile.

3. This rigorous piece of Justice, and unbiassed affection, built Trophies to their name, but no way

way improved the condition of the Patient ; for it was Physick of a strange nature, a sublimate never ripened in Loves Limbeck. Our Heavenly Father that fashioned us may impose what Laws his divine wisdom thinketh best ; but if he wounds his Servants, 'tis to heal them ; if he takes away a temporary life, 'tis to hasten them to an eternal one.

Magni beneficii est indicium ;
When God seems to disfavour us, then are we in highest favour ; and we make the nearest approaches to him, when in the eyes of the world we seem to be at the greatest distance. Holy *David* acknowledged a Cure done upon him by an Heavenly Chastisement ; *It was good for me that I was afflicted.* The Prison was the best School for *Manasses* ; for in that solitude he could have no Divertisement, but leisure wholly to contemplate his great Deliverer, and figure to himself

self Ideas of a more Glorious Kingdom. *Vexatio dabit intellectum.* Punishment is Sins Looking-glass; there it beholds its ugliness and deformity, the Stains and Morpheus which make the Soul look squalid.

4 When *Absolom* was under a Cloud, and putting his Designment of a Rebellion into the Forge, to amass a greater strength, he sent an invitation to *Foab* to embark in the same design; but *Foab* (whether in detestation of such unnaturalness, or unwilling to hoise Sail, till he saw to which point of the Compass the Wind would settle) rejected the Summons. *Absolom* sends again and again, and still *Foab* refuses; but when he gave command to burn his Corn-Fields, and ravage all that Neighbourhood to him, he made no dispute, but came apace. So in our prosperity we draw a partition betwixt God and us, will not cloud our thoughts with

with the contemplation of Judgment and another World, let his invitations be never so luscious, presented by Prophets, Saints, and Angels: but when he lays waste our Possessions, dismantles our Dwellings, throws us upon the Dunghil, then we look with a verseness on our sins (the evil Spirits that raised this Tempest:) then do our visive Beams pierce through Heaven it self, and in this foul Weather seek to cast Anchorage in the Arms of our Saviour.

5. The Philosopher observes, that if we will see the Stars, and highest part of the Sphere, at Mid-day, we must descend to some Cavern, or low place in the Earth, where we are freest from the light, and coruscations of the Horizon we live in. So we must be removed from the glaring lustre of the World before we can truly discern Heaven, and the radiancy of its Glory.

Glory. The Figure and Global part of the Sun is clearer discerned in a Dish of Water, than in his Fiery Chariot. The Astronomers best posture is to lie prostrate on the Ground. When we are thrown on our Back, humbled and brought low, then we best behold God's Immensity, and our own impotency. The Earth that hath endured the Summers Heat, and Winters cold, cut with the Plow, and crumbled with the Harrow, is best cultivated to receive her Seed, and make a grateful return to her Benefactor. Some Fruits are best fermented with nipping Cold, and biting Frosts. Our stony Hearts are soonest ripened and mellowed by affliction.

After we have been thrust into the Forge of Persecution, we are then malleable, easiest to be hammered out. God sets his stamp, coins us for Glory, when melted in
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the *Crusible* of Adversity. Prosperity (like the Sun) doth too much harden us. Thunder scatters and dissparkles ill boding exhalations, clears the Air of all pestilent and malevolent humours: God thunders by affliction, breaks the racks of sin, and scatters those foul Meteors that are engendring in the regions of our Souls. Spikenard, precious Ointment, and sweet Waters favours more than the hand scatters and throws about, than when sealed up in their Inclosures of Crystal. Spices, for pounding and bruising, send forth exhalations more redolent. How Sunburnt, what *Æthiops* appear we, when blacked with sin? But as soon as God hath burnished (and like the Diamond) cut and pointed us; we appear (like the *King's Daughter*) all glorious. Affliction is the Mercury Water that clears our fallow complexion: the best

N Beauty

Beauty Spot we can put on.

7. *Elkanah* said to the Mother of *Samuel*, *Am not I better to thee than ten sons?* So it may be said, is not affliction better than a thousand pleasures? Here every vanity doth way-lay us, as *Fael* did *Sisera*, *Turn thou in my Lord*, till it smite us through the Temples. If we saw but this foul Body dissected, it would appear like a Mandrake Apple, comly to the eye, but poisonous in taste; or like the glorious Tombs of our Ancestors, that enshrine nothing but dirt and putrefaction. 'Tis not all Comical we act; the Scene will presently change; like *Fonas's* Gourd, it springs up to day, and canopies us from the Sun's intrusions, but anon an envious worm withers it. Pleasure was never so absolutely enjoyed, but that it had some Gall, some Wormwood thrown into the Cup. The smoothest Face cannot

not laugh without contracting Wrinkles, and the extremity of it bedews our Cheeks with Tears. Like a Rainbow, it hath half Sun, and half Cloud. Like a Meteor it gives a glaring light, but portends mischief; fits us for Plagues and Pestilencies. If they were really good and profitable, they would improve those that enjoy them; but the contrary effect is most apparent.

8. When *Nebuchadnezzar* stalked on the Roof of his stately Palace, and there beheld the Majesty of *Babylon*, did he not then begin to wax proud, and vaunt the Workmanship of his own Hands: *Is not this great Babel which I have built?* But when God had humbled him with Chastisement, plumed his Eagle Wings, then could he pierce through those Clouds and Vizards that inveloped his understanding, see more of his Maker from that

lowness of Fortune, than when he towered on the Pinnacle of all his Glories. When *David* had his Beams displayed in a Royal Horizon, sitting on the House top, soon pryed into the Retirements of *Uriah's* Garden, and there fed his eyes with the unlawful love of *Bathsheba*: but when *Nathan* the Prophet had trumpeted God's Judgments, and with a black Pencil drawn a Scheme of his succeeding miseries, it soon fetched him down from that height, and made him retire into himself, and appeal to the Chancery of Heaven for Mercy.

9. We have no reason then to be sadded, or cast down, if we see another wear richer Robes, bespangled with brighter Glory; because the Merchandise he trafficks for, hath such a supervaluation, so strange an impost set upon it. He that sufficiently batted in the pleasures

asures of a luxuriant life, bids us,
Envy not at the glory of a sinner,
for thou knowest not what shall be his
end. O consider, what real and
substantial sorrow they exchange
for counterfeit pleasures; for fleet-
ing vanity, an endless misery. If
Dives in his life time had seen those
pits of confusion, heard the shriech-
es and yellings of the damned, put
his Finger in that scorching flame,
been stretched upon the wrack but
for one moment, he would have
made his life more tragical, torn off
his Purple and Fine Linnen, and
put on a Pilgrim's Habit; would
have fasted himself to a Skeleton,
set *Lazarus* at his own Table, and
sate himself at the Gate.

10. 'Tis not a Hell hereafter
that excuses, but here a corroding
conscience must center within
them; that, like the Hand-writ-
ing upon the Wall, imbitters their
delicious fare, damps their Frolick-
ings,

ings, puts them into shiverings and
tremblings, though encircled with
a Corone of Princes, finds them
out in their Retirements, and in a
croaking Mandrake Groan pro-
nounces, their accounts must be
ballanced, their pleasures audited,
that there, must be sorrow in its
Achme, misery pulled up to an un-
imagined height. It ends not here,
but commonly they close up all
with some sad Catastrophe. A
Plebeian hath seldom any eminent
part in a Tragedy, but mighty
Princes, fond Lovers, warlike and
haughty Heroes compose the
Scenes. We cannot call that a
fair day which hath a ruddy Morn,
and bright Noon, if the Evening
shuts up it self with a dismal black-
ness. Attend but the Exits of those
wretched persons, see this Squib
run to the end of the Rope, and it
shall bespatter it self in pieces.
Let us not pass a Judgment upon a
Pomegranade

Pomegranade by a fair out-side, denote him happy that flutters in an opulent fortune; for their Jealousie and Fear ought to run parallel with their felicity. O, unhappy is our condition, if God thinks us not worthy to wrastle with miseries, to bear in our Bodies the Marks of our Lord Jesus.

II. The Destroyer must needs come in upon us, if the Scarlet Line hang not in the Window, or finds not blood sprinkled upon the Lintel and Side Posts. God's anger is screwed up to a strange pitch when he passeth by us with his Rod, when he will not so much as brandish his Sword at us. *S. Austin* saith, *That an offender sometimes so exasperates his Maker, that he will not chastise him in this life.* Their condition is very forlorn, whom the Lord leaves to a future punishment. How deadly will the blow be when God shall put fire to the Mine he

hath been so long digging ! How deep the Cup, how bitter the Potion that he hath been so long brewing ! If many of the Saints of God, out of the Sence of their own unworthiness, have had strange Titubations in the naming of that great and terrible day of the Lord, a day that the powers of Heaven shall be shaken, how much should an Impenitent tremble & quake, when he considers that at this grand Assize the Lord will come with Fire, and with his Chariots like a Whirlwind to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with Flames of Fire.

12. 'Tis now time that we remove from the Waters of *Babylon*, take down our Harps from the Willows, and prepare to sing the Songs of *Sion* in a Glorious Land; wade out of this Valley of Tears, and get up unto Mount *Nebo* (*Moses* glorious prospect) that we may see the Riches of the Celestial *Jerusalem* :

salem; and yet we can view but an imperfect Landskip. For if the knowledge of all the Sages in the World concentred in one person, he could give but a blurred Copy, a dark Figure a faint resemblance of that extasied Glory, prepared for the Saints, and Servants of God. 'Twas the most desired wish of *S. Austin*, to have seen *Rome* when she was the Worlds Metropolis, heard *S. Paul* in the Pulpit, and seen our Saviour in the Flesh. But there he shall have his wish strangely superlative, see a City whose Foundations are garnished with all manner of precious Stones, where the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the Temple of it, and in that Temple hear *S. Paul*, and Myriads of Angels, tuning their Harps, and singing perpetual Hallelujahs to the Glorious Trinity; and, which transcends admiration, see the Lamb wear the same Dress, check-
ered

ered with the rich Robes of the Deity.

13. There we shall have those *Dotes Beatorum*, which the Schoolmen so much talk of, *Visio, Dilectio, Fructio*, in such perfection as no Line or Plummert wrought by natures hand can fathom their Abyfs. When there is *Summum bonum in summo gradu*, it will be hard defining how good, how great they are. Here we speculate and spell our Saviour in his Word, in his last Will and Testament. But there we shall behold the Word it self, Christ Jesus. God hid *Moses* in a Cleft of the Rock, and covered him with his Hand, while his Glory passed by; he saw his Back parts only, *in transitu*.

But when the great day of exaltation cometh, that the Lord *maketh up his Jewels*, he will take us out of the Clefts and Vaults of the Earth (the Cabinets where he treasures

treasures up his Dust) and set us on such elated Thrones, as *Zachens* his little Stature shall be no hinderance to take a full view of the Be-
 tificall Vision. We shall not look with admiration only, but with love and delight. Here our eyes are commonly bleared with envy, when they behold the Grandeur of another ; but we shall rejoyce at the Saints Coronation, have not the least tincture of emulation if we see a bigger Crown, a brighter Glory. Our love to Christ must needs be insuperable, which made us Co-
 heirs with him in Glory ; that when one drop of his Blood had more of value than to make an adequatory Oblation for the sins of the whole World, he would set a running all the Sluces and Rivulets of his Body ; nay, would have abated nothing of the whole *series* of his passion, if but for the saving of thy one individual person. And if Christ so
 loved

loved us in the flesh, espoused us when we were full of loathsomeness and deformity, he will flame out with greater Fires, put us into his own Bosom, when the Refiner hath melted off our Dross, washed us with his Fullers Soap, when he seeth us mounted to the Zenith of our Glory.

15. *Aeneas*, though esteemed pious among the Heathens, never had a nearer access to *Apollo's* Temple, than to the Threshold or Porch of it. The Israelites durst not touch the Borders of the Mount for fear of being stoned, or thrust through with a Dart. And the Jews entred not into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, but the High Priests alone, and that once a year. Before God spake unto *Moses* he prefaced by Thunderings and Lightnings, and Mount *Sinai* was altogether on a Smoak, and the whole Mount quaked, and the people trembled.

trembled. But when we have our Materiality spiratualised, a Manumission from the corruption of the flesh, we shall come unto Mount *Sion*, the City of the living God, and to innumerable Companies of Angels. The Planets, that have a predominancy over our Bodies, here sparkle only a borrowed lustre: these, we gaze on with great admiration: yet at the general conflagration these Lamps shall be put out, as having too dark Rays to shine in the Horizon of Glory.

16. And if a Saint of the lowest order in Heaven shall flash out more refulgent Beams, than if all the scattered Stars and greater Luminaries were stuck in one Sphere, made one splendid Ball of Light, with what hallowed Fires shall we burn, when with the brighter Cherubims, and many eyed Seraphims, we shall be set in one Carkanet, make up one glorious Constellation?

on? How great our light, when like so many *Heliotropia* we shall sit sunning our selves in the presence of God himself? *Hellen* could never draw her eyes from beholding the beauty of *Paris*; and *Dido* was sick of the same Disease.

— *Nequit oculos implere tuendo* :

She would never be satiated with the gazing on the countenance of Princely *Aeneas*. But the Fire of their love was quickly put out, (like the fairest Flowers they may be withered with too much smelling to.) Age will dull the edge of a desireable Appetite, or in the height of their Enjoyments disaster or jealousy enrage it to a Phrensie.

M. 1. *Pandora's* Box is open to every man. Here is no happiness whose Ligaments are not soon broken,

ken, whose *Compositum* hath not some dross. We are never fanned with so smooth a Gale, but we are sometimes made to lower our Sails, some *Hirrecans* are raised to make a Ruffle. And if our Halcyon Days make up a few Climactericks, we are gluttoned, have a saturity of Enjoyment. But in Heaven we shall see God *Paternaliter*, with a desire and love still to behold him, and that without any anxiety, or the least decadency.

We have seen some persons that have had such a symmetry of parts, such an air in their Countenances, such a plenitude of Perfections, that hath wrapped the Beholders into wonder and astonishment. If Corruption can put on such charm, how bright shall we shine, when quickened with Celestial Fire; though invested with the same flesh, yet spun to a finer Thread; though kneaded of the same Atoms,

toms, yet finer searfed, cast in a fairer mold: our Bodies shall be clarified into Soul-Matter, and our Souls flame out with the Fires of a Divinity. No less than an Apostle assures us, *We shall be made partakers of the divine nature*; be so rarified, so spiritualized, have (as the Schoolmen venture to call it) an *Identification* with God in the state of Bliss.

2. Here we have a Film, a Cataract in the eye, that Luminary, our understanding clouded with a Cimmerian Darkness; at best we see but in *Ænigmate*, darkly, or like things we behold in the Water, that appear with crooked and distorted forms. But when that great Oculist of Heaven unseals the eyes of our understanding, shews us *Magnalia Dei*, those abstracted speculations, which are now inscrutable and past finding out, shall then be as plainly figured, as if writ with

a Sun-

a Sun-beam, and we shall behold the inside of things with a clearer perspicuity, than we do now their outside or colours. There we shall understand why the sin of one man should be the sin of every man; why God would not cancel the Worlds Obligation without that inestimable Blood of his dear Son, when he might have satisfied himself with a meaner Sacrifice, or taken away the cause by denying the Tempter access into the Garden; shew how the world was made, whether by a fortuitous Concourse of Atoms, as our Sectaries in Philosophy have it; how the earth hangs upon nothing; how *Moses* did all his wonders in *Egypt*; unriddle the Sacred Mysteries of the Deity, and those intricate knots of Divinity, which have unsheathed so many Swords, caused such Clashes and Disturbances, shall be all eroded, present

ed as in a Mirrour to our Understanding.

3. Here we may stand on Tiptoe, look into the Elyzian Fields through the prospective of Faith, but we view them at a great distance, and commonly we have weak Beams, and an unsteddy hand, but there those faint means will become useless: God will pull off his Mask, throw aside every *Umbrella*, and give us a patefaction of all his Glory. When Mount *Tabor* sparkled with the Beauties of Christ's Transfiguration, and the Apostles were shewed the gorgeous Apparell they should be decked with hereafter: no wonder if *Peter* desired there to fix their Tabernacles. If such a Stage as Mount *Tabor* can present a Scene so richly dressed, when a few Saints descend and traverse it; how illustrious will the sight be, when we see the Great *Jehovah*, and Myriads of Angels, *pleno orbe*,
in

in their full Glory. We shall not only see these Transcendencies, but be that which admits of no emblemizing, adapted, made congruous, and sympathetick with Celestial Perfections.

4-Stars have their Malevolent Aspects, the brighter Luminaries their Spots, and the most splendid Diamond is not every where transparent. But in Heaven there are no Errata's, the beatified Saints cannot contract the least stain. No unclean thing enters into those Holy Habitations, breath nothing but the sweets of love, have such a fulness of every delicious thing, that there can be no addition: for, if there could be any increment or decrement, then there were no perfection.

Ibi vita sine morte, veritas sine errore, felicitas sine perturbatione, all things sublimated to the most extasied purity, & that without any change, without any disturbance, no night but an endless day. O 1 5. Things

5. Things are best illustrated by their Contraries. The Northern Men, that are benighted for six Months together, salute the approach of the Sun with a more exceeding joy, than they that see him every day. The Beauties of the Spring receive a better Welcome after a stormy Winter. Rest will be most joyous to those who have undergone a troublesome Pilgrimage. The clarity of Heaven will appear more lucid to them that sit here in darkness. Take a Prisoner out of a dark Dungeon, and set him before an unclouded Sun, and he shall not be able to make him a fixed Object. And what is the Radiancy of this Sun to the Son of God? This Spark to that glorious Diamond, this Daddock-wood, this Glow-worm to that Morning-Star? When God shall raise his Servants out of their Beds of Obscurity, remove them

them from the dark Chambers of the earth, and shew them the glittering Mansions above, they shall be like Cherubims, full of eyes, give and receive light, and nothing shall weaken their improved Opticks, though millions of Suns shine in one Horizon in their Meridian of Glory. These Suns shall never exhale an ungrateful Cloud to obscure them, never be an interposition to eclipse each others light; their joys shall not be leavened with the least sorrow. That clear Sky shall not contract the least spot, and which is more, time shall never wrinkle them.

6. 'Tis a conceit of the Poets, that in *Elysium* their Goblets were always full of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; and as they still drank, their Cups were replenished to an overflowing. The Saints have better assurance for the Permanency of their Paradisian Bliss. *Mutabimur in*

immutabilitatem : We shall be changed into an unchangeableness. Our Crowns shall continue the same splendor, our Robes the same Lillied Purity, our Palms the same Verdure and Fragrancy. Here we are in a continued fluxibility, have Springs and Falls, Summers and Winters, Droughts and Inundations : But in our final Estate there is neither *Efflorescentia nec canescencia* ; no ebbing or flowing, no extinguishing of that Vestal Fire ; no falling of that Golden Leaf of endless Glory. Because our time is here short, we cut it into shreds, reckon by Minutes, Hours and Days. But when we have once cast Anchor in the Ocean of Eternity, *non est heri nec hesternum* ; there shall be no distinction of Days, no reckoning *Lustres* or *Olympiads*, but have one perpetual *Pentecost*, a never ending *Fabrice*.

7. The Arithmeticians are so bold as to tell you, they can set down how many Corns of Dust make up the Globe of the Earth. They will go a strain beyond that, and say they can give a number to as many Grains, as shall fill the spacious Concavity betwixt this and the Firmament. The Mathematicians take the height and dimension of the remotest Planet, put a Girdle about the Heaven it self. The Philosophers will tell you of what stuff the Stars and Spheres are made. It would not only pose *Archimedes*, but baffle the Angels themselves, to draw imaginary Lines about the highest Heaven, summ up the Calends of Eternity.

8. Here you have a Picture with a *Fanns* Face ; on the one side the Features shadowed with a black Coal, a blubber'd Face, dishevelled Hairs ; but he that makes a curious
 O 4 inspection

inspection shall find, though black, yet she's comly, discover a life in that sorrow, beauty in that carelessness. On the other side, there are only some few Lines drawn to shew, that something more excellent should there be shadowed. *Zeuxis* being hopeless of pourtraicting a comly *Venus*, limn'd only the back parts, leaving the rest to fancy and imagination. At best, we can draw but in Water-colours those incomprehensible Glories. For if *Paul*, a Star of the first Magnitude, after he had been caught up into Heaven, and viewed the splendid Equipage of that place, confessed that he saw things unexpressible, and heard things unutterable, 'tis not for Dust and Ashes to bedribble with a rude Pencil such superexcellent perfections. But so much satisfaction we find as to discern a strange disparity betwixt the service and the reward,
affliction



affliction and Glory ; the one so light and momentary, the other so weighty and eternal, that it is but as a dust in the Ballance, an Atom to the Earth, a drop to the Ocean ; the one a *punctum*, the other admits not any Philosophical Commensurations.

9. Let us then, like wise Merchants, lay out for that rich Pearl of eternal life. *There are* (saith the Prophet) *that buy much with a little.* For taking up the Cross of Christ, enduring a few temporary outrages, we shall sit with him on his Throne, arrayed with a blanch-ed Vesture. For if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him. *Jacob* served his Uncle *Laban* seven years for *Rachel*, and they seemed but as a few days, for the love he bare to her. If we desire the Espousals of Eternity, we must cheerfully undergo a few Medicinal Corrections, feed upon Husks, since
it

it brings us to the fatted Calf. It was an earnest of a strange affection in *Agrippina*: *Occidar modò imperet*; I care not how they dispose of me, so that *Nero* reigns. But holy *Job* looked for a better return of his Imbitterments, when he took up that stout resolve, *Though the Lord should kill me, yet will I trust in him*. And likewise *S. Austin*, *Domine hic ure, hic seca, ut in posterum sanes*.

10. It matters not how soon we get upon this pale Horse, since he transmits us into *Abraham's* Bosom; though he sears us with an hot Iron heated in *Nebuthadnezzar's* Furnace, so he marks us for his; how soon he imbalms and conduits the Body in the Grave, so he serve it up for a refection at the Supper of the Lamb. If he unskrew the Wheels and Gimmers of this Building, 'tis to give it (like a foul Watch) a new scowring. Though
he

he cut down the Trunck, yet care shall be taken of the Root. We may dispense with a transplantation when he gathers us from Briars and Brambles, plucks us out of a barren soil to set us in a more fertile Land. Though our Flower sheds his Beauties, hangs down the Head, and dies, yet the Seed shall still be preserved; like China Earth, such stay in the Grave shall beget a transparency. Though he undress the Soul, throw the Body into the Valley of dry Bones, and there lodge it for thousands of years, yet they shall appear *Tanquam somnus unius horæ*; but as the sleep of one hour. And though sent to that state of Dormition, such names, as have not defiled their Garments, shall be registred in his Ephemerides, in such indeleble Characters, as no *Index expurgatorius* shall ever blot out; and in his good time he will visit the Sepulchres & Cœmeteries

ries of those dead, recal the Souls from their Widdow-hood , put unctuous matter into every dry Bone, cloath them with Sinews and Flesh, and spread such a Covering of Skin upon them, as *Moses's* Face (when illustrated) would appear but as a darkening Veil ; and all to meet our Redeemer in the Clouds, that he may in this lovely Dress usher us to unspeakable Glories, to Heaven, the Haven of our endless Rest and Happiness.

F I N I S.

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ERRATA.

PAGE 10. line 9. read *make*. p. 29. l. 21. r. *sur*. p. 30. l. 11. r. *distrast and discourage*. p. 36. l. 11. r. *bid*. p. 38. l. 17. r. *functions*. p. 39. l. 13. r. *temperantia*. p. 42. l. 22. dele *the*. p. 50. l. 21. r. *blazon*. p. 54. l. 21. r. *darkness*. p. 64. l. 18. r. *est-ing*. p. 67. l. 8. r. *destruction*. p. 81. l. 2. r. *long sought*. p. 104. l. 12. r. *wine*. p. 111. l. 7. r. *shis*. p. 132. l. 4. r. *would dit, most readily*. p. 136. l. 6. r. *Ray*. p. 163. l. 19. r. *gawll*. p. 165. l. 21. r. *fraight*. p. 177. l. 12. r. *favour*.
